THE DIAL

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THE APPROACH TO LITERATURE.

An excellent educational method, much in vogue among the more progressive of modern teachers, is based upon the principle of proceeding from the near and the familiar to the strange and the remote. It is a method that may be pushed to extremes, but it is fundamentally sound. In geography, for example, a child starts with the schoolhouse, the village, and the surrounding country made familiar by his wanderings, and afterwards extends to scenes unvisited the construction thus begun. In history, the happenings of the day, as narrated in the newspapers and talked about by his acquaintances, provide the starting-point. In seeking to arrive at a comprehension of the nature and workings of government and the organization of society, his attention is first directed towards the town-meeting, which he has possibly seen at work; towards the policeman or the constable, whom he has learned to recognize as the embodiment of executive authority before having learned the meaning of that term; or towards the tax-collector, about whose visits certain ominous associations have clustered, before the function of that *persona non grata* has been realized.

Is there not in the method thus illustrated a suggestion worth putting to the uses of literature? May not the young be led to a true perception of literary values by just this process of smoothing the ways that lead to a correct taste, this device of fitting the conscious achievement to the earlier unconscious one? Those having occasion to observe young people who are going through the educational mill know that literary taste and a genuine delight in "the authors" are not common, that they are the exception rather than the rule. Yet most children have, in the earlier stages of their school life, some germ of literary appreciation that needs nothing more than careful nurture to be brought to flower in the later stages. But when they come to the serious study of literature in school or college, it presents itself to them as a part of the "grind"; it must be pursued in a certain prescribed way, which is likely enough the wrong way; it is treated as if it were geometry or linguistics;

and the needs of the individual are lost sight of in the application of the system.

It seems to us a fundamental principle that anything like rigidity in the methods employed for the teaching of literature and the development of literary taste will necessarily prove fatal to success. In physics or in philology, the "course" is a perfectly rational device; it is of the essence of training in such subjects that the work should be logical in its development. The path of least resistance is in them the same, or nearly the same, for all normally constituted minds. It is obviously the path to be followed, and the treatment of a class *en bloc* becomes not only possible but desirable. With literature the case is very different, and the path of least resistance must be discovered for each individual separately. The imagination is a wayward faculty, and atrophy is likely to follow upon the attempt abruptly to divert it into channels other than those it listeth to seek. The facts of literature may be apprehended by the intellect thus constrained, but that emotional accompaniment which makes of literature a personal message to the individual, which enshrines it, along with music and religion, in the most sacred recesses of the soul, is not to be coerced. Mere didactics are as powerless to impart the message of literature as they are to impart the message of music or of religion. The reward of such an attempt may be theology or counterpoint, formal rhetoric or literary history; but not that spiritual glow which is the one thing worth the having, that kindling of the soul which comes, perhaps when least expected, with the hearing of some ineffable strain, or the reading of some lightning-tipped verse.

There are many, no doubt, poor in emotional endowment, and unresponsive to the finer spiritual vibrations aroused by the masterpieces of verbal art, to whom literature has hardly more meaning than nature had for the yokel of Wordsworth's hackneyed ballad. To one of this class, if he do not actually look upon Homer from the standpoint of Zoilus, or share in Iago's view of the character of Othello, it is at least true that the last agony of Lear is nothing more than the death of an old man; for him the solemn passing of Œdipus

> "To the dark benign deep underworld, alone"

is only a sort of hocus-pocus, and his ears are deaf to the

> "Sudden music of pure peace"

wherewith the stars seal the successive divisions of Dante's threefold song.

But even for such as these the case is not altogether hopeless. The appeal of literature to the human soul is so manifold that it must find in every nature some pipes ready to be played upon. Dull though the sense may seem, it is at some point waiting to be quickened. For literature is life itself, in quintessential expression; how then can it fail, in some of its many phases, to have both a meaning and a message for every human being? The earliest responsive vibrations may be rudimentary in character, and combined in the simplest of harmonies. The heart may first be stirred by some bit of sentiment that would be accounted cheap by a refined taste; the imagination may first be fired by some grotesque *Märchen*, or by some wildly improbable tale of romantic adventure. The ripest literary taste has such beginnings as these, and the surest appreciation of literature is built upon such a foundation. Between the child, made forgetful of his surroundings by the spell of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," and the man, finding spiritual refreshment in Cervantes or Molière, renewed strength in Milton, or solace from grief in Tennyson, there is no real break; the delight of the child and the grave joy of the man are but different stages of the same growth, and the one is what makes possible the other.

How far this development may go is a problem to be worked out for each individual separately; and there are doubtless, in each case, distinct limitations. What we have sought to emphasize is just this individual nature of the problem, and the fact that regimentation offers no solution that can be accounted satisfactory. The approach to literature is, in our current educational systems, hedged about with so many thorny obstructions that not a few young persons start bravely upon it only to fall by the way, disheartened at sight of the forbidding barriers erected by historical, linguistic, and metrical science, for the purpose of taking toll of all wayfarers. Whatever the usefulness for discipline of such subjects, the spirit of literature is not to be acquired by making chronological tables, or tracing the genealogies of words, or working out the law of decreasing predication. We may even sympathize to some extent with those who so revolt from all such methods as to refuse literature any place in the educational scheme. Turn the young person loose, they advise, in a well-stocked library, and let him develop his own tastes in his own way. He will make mistakes, they admit;

there will be false starts not quickly righted; but there will be, in the long run, a wholesome development of taste, and a steady ascent to higher levels of appreciation. In any case, assimilation will not be forced, and conventional judgments will not be made to parade as personal convictions. This view has the one great merit of allowing full scope to individualism, but to admit that it speaks the last word would be to abandon altogether the position that educational theory is bound to maintain. That the young may profit by the guidance of the older and wiser is as true in literature as it is in any other of the great intellectual concerns. But the needs of the individual must be recognized as they are not now recognized, if literature is to play its proper part in education. Each case must be made the subject of a special diagnosis and a special prescription. We might apply to this problem the favorite formula of one of the schools of modern socialism: "From every man according to his ability; to every man according to his needs" — although it is curious to see a socialist precept doing service in an individualist cause.

*ENGLISH LITERATURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.**

At Cornell University, lectures are given on English Literature, poetical and prose, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century inclusive, in eight groups, of which Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson, are made the central figures. The lectures are given daily, except Saturday, and to the same class, so that there are about two hundred lectures given during the academic year. A large portion of the class are special students who have come to devote most of their time to English Literature. They, accordingly, do a great deal of reading in connection with the lectures. It is made a special object of the lectures to bring the students into direct relationship with the authors treated, and hence much reading is introduced. The literature is presented mainly in its *essential* character, rather than in its historical, though the latter receives attention, but not such as to set the minds of students in that direction. It is considered of prime importance that they should first attain to a sympathetic appreciation of what is essential and intrinsic, before the adventitious features of literature — features due to time and place — be considered. What is regarded as of great, of chief importance, indeed, in literary study, in some of our institutions of learning, namely, the relations of works of genius to their several times and places (miscalled the Philosophy of Literature), is of the least importance, so far as culture, in its truest sense, is concerned. Literature is thus made chiefly an intellectual and philosophical study; its true function, namely, to quicken the spiritual faculties, is quite shut off. An exclusively intellectual attitude is taken toward what is a production of the whole man, as a thinking, emotional, imaginative, moral, and religious being, — a production which can be adequately responded to only by one in whom these several attributes are, in some degree, active; and literary education should especially aim after their activity; should aim to bring the student into sympathetic relationship with the permanent and the eternal — with that which is independent of time and place.

There is danger, too, in presenting literature to young people in its historical relations, and in "philosophizing" about it, of turning out cheap and premature philosophers. A work of genius renders the best service when it is assimilated in its absolute character. All great works of genius are intimately related to the several times and places in which they were produced; and it is important to know these relations, in the proper time — when the "years that bring the philosophic mind" have been reached, not before. But it is far more important to know the relations of these works to the universal, to the absolute, to that which is alive forevermore, by virtue of which alone they continue to live. Mrs. Browning, in her "Aurora Leigh," speaks of great poets as "the only truth-tellers now left to God — the only speakers of essential truth, opposed to relative, comparative, and temporal truths; the only holders by His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms."

The *mode* in which genius manifests itself, at certain times, in certain places, and under certain circumstances, may be explained to some extent; but the genius itself cannot be explained. Environments stimulate or suppress, they do not and cannot make genius. The causes which bring it nearer to the essential world than men in general are brought, we cannot know. The explanation which can be given of its *mode* of manifestation should be called the Physiology, not the Philosophy, of Literature.

And how is the best response to the essential life of a poem to be secured by the teacher from the pupil? I answer, by the fullest interpretative vocal rendering of it. On the part of the teacher, two things are indispensable: first, that he sympathetically assimilate what constitutes the real life of the poem; second, that he have that vocal cultivation demanded for an effective rendering of what he has assimilated. Lecturing about poetry does

* This article is the fifth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); and English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16). — [EDR. DIAL.]

not, of itself, avail any more for poetical cultivation than lecturing about music avails, of itself, for musical cultivation. Both may be valuable, in the way of giving shape to, or organizing, what has previously been felt to some extent; but they cannot take the place of inward experience. Vocal interpretation, too, is the most effective mode of cultivating in students a susceptibility to form — that unification of matter and manner upon which so much of the vitality and effectiveness of expressed spiritualized thought depend.

There is no true estimate, among the leaders in the educational world, of what vocal culture, worthy of the name, costs; and the kind of encouragement which it receives from them is in keeping with their estimate. A system of vocal training should be instituted in the lower schools which would give pupils complete command of the muscles of articulation, extend the compass of the voice, and render it smooth, powerful, and melodious. A power of varied intonation should be especially cultivated, as *it is through intonation that the reader's sympathies are conducted, and the hearer's sympathies are secured.*

The reading voice demands as much, and as systematic and scientific, cultivation, for the interpretation of the masterpieces of poetical and dramatic literature, as the singing voice demands for the rendering of the masterpieces of music. But what a ridiculous contrast is presented by the methods usually employed for the training of the reading voice, and those employed, as in conservatories of music, for the training of the singing voice!

To return to the other work in the Department of English Literature at Cornell:

Readings are given by me every Saturday morning, throughout the academic year, from English and American prose writers. These are open to all students and to any visitors who may wish to avail themselves of them. The attendance is generally large. The selections read are chiefly such as bear upon life and character, literature and art. The present year they have been, thus far, from essays of George Eliot, Professor Dowden, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Lowell, Frances Power Cobbe, and some other essayists. The regular members of the class afterwards read for themselves the compositions entire from which the selections are made, and many are inspired to read further from the same authors.

There are four English Literature Seminaries, devoted, severally, to nineteenth century prose not including novels, seventeenth and eighteenth century prose not including novels, novelists of the nineteenth century, and novelists of the eighteenth century. The seminaries are open to graduates, special students, and to undergraduates who have maintained a high rank in the lecture courses. A work is assigned to each member of a seminary, of which he or she makes a careful study, and embodies the result in a paper which is read in the seminary and afterward discussed by the members, each member having been required to read in advance the work in hand. The papers bear chiefly, almost exclusively, on what is understood by their authors to constitute the life, the informing spirit, the moral proportion, the *motives*, of the works treated. The merely technical is only incidentally, if at all, treated. The present year, essays have been read on all the novels of George Eliot, and her poem "The Spanish Gypsy," the seminary consisting of twenty-seven members. All the essays have been of high merit, showing much insight into George Eliot's "interpretation of life."

It should be added that twelve Plays of Shakespeare are read by me during the present academic year, so cut down as to occupy two hours each in the reading. It is purposed so to read, in a separate course, next year, the thirty-seven Plays, two hours a week to be devoted to each play. I would also add that by the end of the present year I shall have read entire, with requisite comment, to an outside class composed of graduate and special students, Browning's "The Ring and the Book." The educating value of this great poem is of the highest character, embodying, as it does, the poet's ideal of a sanctified intellect.

HIRAM CORSON.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., March 24, 1894.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. HENRY CARY BAIRD AND FREE BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I think THE DIAL departed from its usual fairness and courtesy in its criticism of Mr. Henry Cary Baird, in the issue for March 1.

1. It is hardly to be assumed that such a man as Mr. Baird would advocate a measure which could properly be characterized as "stupid."

2. May not Mr. Baird's opinion be based on the obvious fact that since the organization of this government its legislation has been consistently based on the idea that it should favor the citizens of this country in preference to the rest of the world, while during all that time English books have persistently and urgently advocated the reversal of this practice, and argued that the legislation should operate on all alike—should favor the foreigner as much as the American; and that such has been their influence that one of the great parties of the country is trying to reverse the legislation of a century? May not this induce Mr. Baird to oppose granting this literature special favors?

3. As an abstract proposition, may not Mr. Baird be unable to see any good reason why the products of the English printing-presses and publishing-houses should be admitted free of duty, that does not apply as well to products of her looms and workshops?

JOHN J. JANNEZ.

Columbus, Ohio, March 15, 1894.

[Not to appear insensible to the good opinion of our correspondent, we give space to his communication. We had not thought of charging Mr. Baird with a *penchant* for stupid measures,—nor, on the other

hand, can we go quite so far in our correspondent's way of thinking as to believe that a stupid measure, in Congress or elsewhere, becomes divested of its stupidity by the mere fact of Mr. Baird's approval. And of all possible reasons for prohibiting the importation of foreign books, we think the very worst one is that given by our correspondent as held by Mr. Baird, viz., that because certain books contain ideas and doctrines that happen to be distasteful to one class of citizens, the use of these books should be forbidden to citizens of all classes; and not these books only, but every kind of books —science, history, poetry, fiction, or religion—coming from the offending country. Even the Russian system of literary censorship could hardly equal this. It may be true — we are afraid it is — that Mr. Baird is "unable to see any good reason" for making a distinction between books and scientific apparatus—the means and implements of scholarship and knowledge—and mere material manufactures. But this can hardly be offered as a reason why such a distinction should not be seen by others, nor why it should not be generally recognized by the enlightened sentiment of this and other civilized countries. — EDR. DIAL.]

MISPRINTS IN THE TEXT OF BURNS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On page 103 of your issue of February 16, a correspondent calls attention to a "time-honored" misprint in the text of Burns. Unfortunately, most of the editions of Burns are full of misprints, owing largely, it would seem, to the fact that one of the earliest and most complete collections of the poet's works was set up in London by men who evidently were unfamiliar with the Scottish language. I refer to Currie's edition in four volumes (1801).

The words "gude-willie" and "waught," referred to by your correspondent, are fully explained in Jamieson's "Dictionary of the Scottish Language" (4 vols. quarto, 1808–25).

"Auld Lang Syne" was not printed in any of the editions of the poet's writings issued during his life.

JOHN PHIN.

Paterson, N. J., March 10, 1894.

P. S.— On page 72 of your issue of February 1, Mr. S. R. Elliott writes of "Bobby" Burns. Elliott is a good border name, and it is a little surprising that anyone bearing it should apply to "Rantin' Rovin' Robby" so misplaced a cognomen as "Bobby."

"COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LATIN" ONCE MORE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With deep pain I am reminded that I have done some injustice to our Columbian obelisk-inscription, which an inscrutable Providence has saved from the threatening element. Heaven forbid that even that vagary of the stone-cutter should suffer wrong at my hands. The furnishing of a copy was intrusted to a friendly newspaper reporter. Of the "eleven errors," ten have merely to do with the graphic form of a single character, and in no wise with its value or meaning. Not of this nature were the indicated solecisms which drove their iron into my soul. My informant reported confidently an error in gender which did not exist; but the Commissioner will surely absolve from malice a transcription which omits one combination even more impossible than those noted. Without compromising my rigorous ideals of scholarship, I say frankly that I conceived nobler uses of my time than in collating that sort of material with the minuteness of an Umpfenbach's Terence. But let not my Freshman screen himself behind such a "*tu quoque*" as a defense. Out he shall go!

JAMES T. HATFIELD.

Evanston, Ill., March 26, 1894.

TYCHO BRAHE IN ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

One is so accustomed to regard the Encyclopædia Britannica as an almost unquestioned authority on all subjects treated in its columns, that I was surprised recently on reading the article on Tycho Brahe to find a number of mistakes, both as to facts and spelling. It is stated there that "on the death of his father his uncle sent him in April, 1559, to study Philosophy and Rhetoric at Copenhagen," whereas the father died in 1570. It was in this latter year, too, that Tycho returned from Germany, and not in 1571, as stated in the article. The pension granted to Tycho Brahe by the King was not of 2000 crowns, but 500 Rixdalers (1000 crowns). Among the orthographical slips may be noted Kundstorp for Kundstrup, Schonen for Shaane, and Roschild for Roskilde. The spelling of the astronomer's island, Huen, while not perhaps incorrect, seems to be less desirable than the Danish form Hven or Hveen.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

University of Illinois, March 27, 1894.

PROFESSOR EDUARD ZELLER, who succeeded to the chair of philosophy at Berlin on the death of Trendelenburg in 1872, reached his eightieth birthday on January 22. He has retired from active service as a professor, Dr. Karl Stumpf, formerly of Munich, having accepted a call to take the place thus left vacant. Professor Zeller's career has been a remarkable one in many ways. With the single exception of Lotze, perhaps no teacher of philosophy in Germany since Hegel and Herbart has exercised an influence equal to his. And yet he professed to teach no system of his own, but rather to expound and criticise by the historical method the main problems of philosophy and the answers proposed to them. His literary style is remarkably good, and as a lecturer, while monotonous in his manner of delivery, he is decidedly interesting. Like Schelling and Hegel, Baur and Strauss, he is a Suabian. His early training was largely theological, and both Baur and Strauss were among his earliest university teachers. Baur's influence and example led him to the study of early Christianity, and from that it was a short step to the history of Greek philosophy. The latter subject, originally taken up as a means to an end, proved to be his life-work. His "Philosophie der Griechen" in six volumes — all of which have passed through three editions, and some through as many as five — is a recognized standard. Its accurate scholarship, wide research, and constant subordination of speculation to interpretation, combine to make it in many ways a model of good historical writing. Some of his most important critical contributions to modern philosophy are contained in his "Vorträge und Abhandlungen," of which three volumes have appeared.

The New Books.

Memorials of Two Englishwomen.*

Matthew Arnold's expression, "the eminent fine spirit of our type of aristocratic perfection," becomes fairly intelligible and specific as one reads the new work entitled "The Story of Two Noble Lives,"— three comely volumes containing the memorials of two amiable, beautiful, and gifted, if scarcely illustrious, sisters, Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. The author, or rather the editor, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, preludes his rather copious and rambling account of his heroines' ancestry with an anecdote which may be quoted for its humor, if not exactly as an illustration of Mr. Arnold's phrase:

"Lady Elizabeth Lindsay was one of a strange procession of children who were met in a desolate road in Scotland, walking in single file, headed by the eldest boy, who was carrying the baby, gipsy-fashion, on his back. They were the eleven children of Anne, Countess of Balcarres, making their escape from her harsh treatment, and going forth to seek their fortunes in the world. One of the younger boys had displeased his mother, and she had ordered a footman to throw him into the pond in front of the house. He managed to scramble out, and she desired that he might be thrown in again. Once more he clambered out, and she shouted, 'Throw him in again,' when, with comic solemnity, the child looked up in her face and exclaimed, 'Woman, wad ye droon your ain son?' and she desisted, but forthwith the children determined to make their escape."

Despite the Spartan severities of their mother (whom the radical reader will naturally at once set down as a type of her class), Lady Balcarres's children,— including, one hopes, the hero of the horse-pond—"grew up wise, clever, cultivated, and God-fearing men and women." One of the daughters was the Lady Anne Barnard, celebrated as the author of that most pathetic of Scotch ballads, "Auld Robin Gray." The song made the greatest sensation at the time, its popularity extending even to France:

"'*Voilà l'auteur du fameux roman de "Robin Gray,"*' people used to say in Paris when Lady Anne visited it. When she had written most of the poem she could not tell how to bring the climax about, and read it to her sisters. 'Mak the coo dee,' said her little sister Elizabeth."

This inventive sister, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, was married, in 1782, to Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, son of the great Chancellor, and, from 1801 to 1806, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord and Lady Hardwicke's third daughter, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, married, in 1816, Lord Charles Stuart, British Ambassador at Paris, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay; and this brings us down to Mr. Hare's heroines proper, Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, children — as the epitaphs phrase it — "of the above." Into these genealogical details our author plunges with a zest, a parade of titles, and a general reverential suggestion of Mayfair, Belgravia, Burke's "Peerage," and the like exalted matters, that might, perhaps, have drawn the fire of Mr. Thackeray, and will doubtless prove seductive to not a few American readers.

It was, we learn, a matter of surprise to their friends that the daughters of the plain Lord Stuart de Rothesay and his plainer wife should turn out so beautiful. In celebrating the charms of the younger sister in particular, Mr. Hare is prodigal of adjectives, but it must be admitted his raptures are fairly borne out by the portraits submitted. At seventeen Louisa Stuart was duly "presented at Court," and about the same time her mother took her to be painted by Hayter. The courtly painter used afterwards to describe the effect produced on him when Lady Stuart de Rothesay "took off her daughter's bonnet and let down her hair." "I was," he said, "dazzled by a vision of the most supreme loveliness, robed in a rippled vestment of golden hair, reaching far below her knees." So far, however, from being spoilt by the admiration she excited, Louisa Stuart would seem to have been surprisingly unconscious of it. "It is recalled," says our author, "as an instance of her entire absence of self-consciousness at this time, that one evening, going up a stair-case to a ball, she exclaimed, 'Mamma, do look at that girl with the handsome profile,' when her mother saw with amusement that she had not recognized her own reflection in a mirror." One would like to believe that story.

While hardly a Penelope in point of suitors, Lady Louisa seems to have had the usual quota, among them the Duke of Hamilton, "the handsomest man of his day," and a certain rhyming Lord Maidstone, who, on meeting her again many years after the day on which she had sent him away disconsolate, penned the following lines. They have a pleasant ring of the old Annuals, with their "sweet L. E. L.'s," and "Persons of Quality."

"And after many years we met,
And we were all alone;
I looked into her glorious face
As one gazes on a stone.

*The Story of Two Noble Lives: Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In three volumes, with portraits and other illustrations. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

"The vision of my youth was flown,
The silver cloud was rent,
The wheel was broken at the fount,
The strong delusion spent."

More fortunate than Lord Maidstone was the Marquis of Waterford, whom Miss Stuart met at a tournament in Scotland, in 1839. He had been known in youth as the "wild Lord Waterford," and, devoted as he was to hunting and sport, he seemed to have little in common with the *spirituelle* art-loving daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay. "But from the moment," says our author, "when her glorious beauty flashed upon him at the Eglinton tournament, he was her devoted knight, and only lived to win her." Like many men of his type, Lord Waterford was extremely diffident, and he shrank from a proposal till his sister had paved the way for him by a letter to Lady Stuart de Rothesay:

"'I have had the most extraordinary letter, Loo, from Lady Sarah Ingestre,' said Lady Stuart one day; 'it is a proposal for you from her brother, and, of course, I must lose no time in writing a refusal'; and much was she astonished when her daughter said, 'Oh, but . . . wait a little; I should like to think about it first."

The tenor of the young lady's reply certainly leaves little doubt as to the sequel. The marriage took place on June 8, 1842, in the royal chapel of Whitehall, and Mr. Hare presents the details of the ceremony, and the imposing roll of titled personages who graced it by their presence, with becoming unction. Touching the appearance of the bride, a young girl who was present wrote, prettily enough, to Lady Hardwicke:

"It was — Louisa, who at that moment appeared in sight. By some accident her mother had moved from her side, and she stood alone, like a glorious picture of a poet's bride, in the arch of the chapel door, which had the effect of framing the costly picture. There she stood motionless, with her white robes and her long bridal veil, which covered her from head to foot. It was impossible to distinguish a feature, but the form was that of a marble statue of Beauty veiled. . . . She looked extremely pale, and for a moment seemed to have lost all consciousness of what was before her. Everyone said softly, 'Look! Look!'—the gentle music of the organ commenced a hymn of praise, and we held our breath lest the least earthly sound should make that heavenly vision glide away."

The account of Lord and Lady Waterford's administration of their vast estate of Curraghmore forms, we need scarcely say, a bright chapter in the annals of Irish landlordism; and towards the lovely bride that he had won, the knight of the Eglinton tournament never wavered in the most loyal and chivalrous devotion. There was no cloud upon their married life. Forgetting his irregular past as if it were a dream, the "wild Lord Waterford" entered hand in hand with his wife into all her schemes for ameliorating the lot of those about them, and their efforts were crowned with success. Lady Waterford's whole heart was in Curraghmore. Not less than six hundred men found employment on the estate, and to these men and their families she was ever the Lady Bountiful, the wise and unobtrusive instructress, the ministering angel in the house of suffering and want. Mr. Hare details many of her useful works and benevolences, of her lesser charities done in that Christian wise in which the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth.

"To introduce habits of cleanliness into the Irish cabins, she would often go thither to make the beds herself, to show how it ought to be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms. . . . She gave them lime to whiten their walls, seeds for their gardens, and prizes for the best vegetables and most neatly-kept houses, whilst supplying their wants in many other ways. . . . To beautify the houses of the Irish poor, as well as to make them more wholesome and comfortable, was one of Lady Waterford's greatest wishes."

Lord Waterford's tragic death, in 1859, was a severe blow to the Curraghmore tenantry. A victim at last to his ruling passion, he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, near Castlemorris, County Kilkenny. The injury was at first thought to be slight, for he lay, said his groom, "in his hunting-dress quite unbruised and beautiful"; but it was soon seen to be fatal, and this truly worthy and generous nobleman breathed his last on the spot where he fell.

"'Oh, then,' said the faithful groom, 'there was an awful wail, though we would none of us believe it. . . . Dr. O'Ryan rode on to break the terrible news to my Lady, and he met her driving her two white ponies up to the door, all gay and happy, and told her at first that my Lord had broken his thigh-bone and was very much hurt; but she saw by his face that it was worse than that, and said so, but he could not speak to her. Then she went away to her own room and locked herself in. When she knew by the cries and sobs in the court-yard that my Lord had been brought home, and when night was coming on, she ordered everybody away from her, and she looked on his face once more: but what my Lady did that night we none of us knew.'"

There were those, however, who knew what Lady Waterford did that night, and the nights following, when the body lay in state in one of the state bedrooms of the castle. Throughout the week she remained locked in her chamber by day; but when the night came, and the watchers were gone, taking her palette and brushes, "she stole down the silent passages to

the room where he lay, and she painted her dead husband in his last sleep," patiently and lovingly transferring his features to the canvas, till the coffin-lid shut them away from her forever. A letter written at this time by Lady Waterford is a touching example of Christian resignation, and faith in the transitoriness of even the last of these earthly partings.

"I must tell you how merciful God has been to me, how tenderly He has dealt at this terrible time. I can say with truth that He has let me rest myself on His pitying breast. . . . I can feel that God has ordered all things rightly, and that I owe Him only the deepest thankfulness for the many happy years He gave me, and the recollections that I love to dwell on, and, in the fatal moment, how much mercy too. I feel sure there was no suffering; there were no hopeless hours of agony; and—oh! his beautiful dead face! Dear Jenny, you never saw such an expression of peace and happiness, and not a scar — only a calm and lovely sleep, the face in perfect health, not even the hue of death."

Soon after the burial of her husband, Lady Waterford left Curraghmore forever, taking up her residence at Highcliffe, in Hampshire, and afterwards at her seat of Ford Castle, in Northumberland, where her last years were spent, and where she died May 11, 1891. The good works begun at Curraghmore had been carried on at Ford; and after her death they wrote from there of how her coffin was borne to the churchyard on the shoulders of her own laborers. "When her things were being distributed, the distributors were surprised to hear that 'the odd man' most earnestly begged for something: it was for her old sealskin jacket. It was thought a singular request at first, but he urged it very much: he 'should treasure the jacket as long as ever he lived.'" The "odd man," it seems, had once been walking by her donkey-chair in the road, when they found a female tramp lying in the ditch, ill and deserted. Lady Waterford at once got out of her chair, and helped the man lift the poor woman into it. Then she took off her own jacket, and put it on the sick woman, and walked home by the side of the chair, "tending and comforting her all the way." "But it was not," said the "odd man," "it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about, but that she did not consider her jacket the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp—*for she wore it afterwards herself.*"

In sketching, in a slight way, the career of this truly good Samaritan, we have lost sight of the elder sister, Lady Canning—a character no less worthy of Mr. Hare's liberal encomiums. Her husband, Charles John, Viscount Canning, was Governor-General of India at the time of the mutiny, and her letters and journals covering that period are of considerable dramatic and historical interest.

We subjoin a letter (which is not without its analogies for the American reader) regarding the course of the Anglo-Indian Press at a time when tact and a soothing of popular anxiety might well seem — even to the promoters of a "commercial enterprise" — to rise to the dignity of a public duty.

"The English Press has been very bad—civil enough, usually, to C. himself, but running down others. That, however, is not the mischief: it points out all sorts of imaginary reasons and grievances as causes for mutiny, it spreads alarm, and shows up weakness, and gives information, which, translated, may do untold mischief among the natives. . . . Treachery is not worse than such exceeding folly."

The following extract is not without a certain tragico-humorous aspect:

"Dr. Leckie was on board the second flat to-day, and saw one of the American (Presbyterian) missionaries from Allahabad. Four of these and their wives were saved by taking refuge in the fort. They had a printing-press, and large schools. The printers, Mohammedan boys they brought up themselves, smashed the whole concern to atoms with delight! and hunted out the native Christians, and a great many, who were employed as servants, were killed."

To the varied mass of letters and journals entrusted to him, Mr. Hare has supplied a thread of sympathetic, at times eloquent, narrative; and his work as a whole affords a close and a very attractive view of English upper-class life, manners, and character. A feature of the work is the illustrations, several of them after original drawings from the gifted pencil of Lady Waterford.

E. G. J.

Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America.*

Justin Winsor's latest work is a very interesting account of the progress of geographical discovery upon this continent and its relation to contemporary history, from the tour of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by Jacques Cartier, the hardy mariner of St. Malo, in 1534, to the death of Count Frontenac, the stormy governor of New France, in 1698. The story of the exploration of the interior of North America

* Cartier to Frontenac. Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America in its Historical Relations. 1534-1700. With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

is made striking and novel by the accompaniment of the successive maps of the times. It is fascinating to follow upon these maps the slow development of correct ideas of the geography of our country, and to note the strange delusions in regard to it which so long held sway over the minds of men. By the aid of these charts can be realized, more forcibly perhaps than in any other way, the infinite toil and pains by which the truth was reached at last. With curious sensations one beholds the appearance and disappearance of rivers and lakes, their sudden shifting of locality, the upheaval and subsidence of mountains, and other startling changes of the map-makers, which seem to belong to the era of the formation of the globe and to be geological rather than historical. And almost with a feeling of awe do we trace the development in human thought of the image of a New World from the chaos in which it lay, almost without form and void, to the partial perception of its magnificent proportions. At first believed to be only a group of islands on the shores of far Cathay, then but a barrier to the ocean approach to Asia almost as contracted throughout as at the Panama Isthmus, again simply a narrow rim of land inclosing a vast interior sea or an immense archipelago filled with channels, later a part of the Asiatic continent, and for almost two centuries deemed chiefly important because possibly affording a water-way to China, even in Count Frontenac's time the main outlines of the region east of the Mississippi alone were known, and the vast territory west of the Father of the Waters remained for later days to explore.

It may be, as Mr. Winsor suggests, that Columbus, at his death in 1506, was not ignorant that the geographical conditions revealed by his discovery were those of a new continent; although the evidence seems hardly sufficient to establish this. At all events, the comprehension of the fact came very slowly to his successors. The two great valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, leading to the very heart of the New World, and practically uniting where Chicago now stands, lay invitingly open; yet it was full forty years after the landing of Columbus before either stream was ascended. The Spaniard Pineda, seeing the mouth of the Mississippi in 1519, did not enter it, because it was too far from the tropics to find gold therein. French and Portuguese fishermen, and English sailors as well, made some claims to a knowledge of the St. Lawrence very early in the sixteenth century, but our author does not consider them well founded. We arrive at certainty only when we come to the voyages of Jacques Cartier, who made the circuit of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and mapped its shores in 1534, and ascended the river St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga, the site of Montreal, in 1535, giving the name by which both river and gulf came to be known to a bay on the northern shore of the latter. Nine years passed before there was any recognition of Cartier's discoveries in a printed map, and for the rest of the century there was little addition to the knowledge he brought back to Europe. Many maps were put forth based upon his descriptions and embodying various theories. One of these, published in 1570, was by a famous Flemish geographer, Abraham Ortelius. A copy of this, lately presented to the Chicago University, has attracted attention because supposed to have a name like that of Chicago inscribed near the site of our city. It is evident, however, that the word in question—Chilaga—is derived from Hochelaga; and it is placed on Ortelius's map near the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, in the neighborhood in which Cartier found the Indian village of that name.

Champlain's era in Canada, from 1615 to 1635, added the Ottawa route, the upper St. Lawrence, the region of Lake Champlain and Lake Huron, to the cartography of the period. Champlain visited what is now Boston Harbor in 1604, and believed from the accounts of the natives that the River Charles extended to the land of the Iroquois. Accordingly this stream appears, from his map of 1612, as flowing from a source southwest of Lake Champlain and well within the present state of New York. His great map of 1632, representing Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Huron, also shows the Sault Ste. Marie, a great lake beyond it, and the beginning of the Straits of Mackinac, but with Green Bay moved to the north Side of Lake Huron. Lake Erie, for a long time after Lakes Ontario and Huron were well known, eluded the explorer and the geographer. Champlain's earlier maps ignored it; his later ones made it a narrow river. This conception of it was accepted by Ogilby and other English cartographers for many years. Jolliet, in returning from Lake Superior in 1669, was the first of white men to follow its northern shore,—which Galinee's map, drawn in that year, depicted, but left its southern shore a blank. Jolliet's maps of 1674 fairly show its whole outline; but Hennepin in 1683, and even in 1697,

extended it southward across the Valley of the Ohio. Franquelin showed it correctly in 1684, but it was hardly relegated to its proper position in the general understanding until the seventeenth century had nearly closed. Cartier and Champlain both seem to have heard of the Falls of Niagara, but there was no adequate idea of their magnitude until Hennepin saw them in 1679. He atoned for any shortcomings of his predecessors by making them 500 feet high! The journeys of Nicolet to the Wisconsin country in 1634; of the daring *coureurs de bois*, Grosseilliers and Radisson, to Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi in 1658–60; of Jolliet and Marquette in 1673–5, and those of La Salle and Tonty and others of lesser note, are all chronicled in this volume. By degrees the information obtained by these venturesome explorers reached the cartographers and corrected their work. One of these was Jean Baptiste Louis Franquelin, at that time residing in Quebec, where he held the post of King's hydrographer, in which Jolliet succeeded him. In 1684, Franquelin, who zealously gathered every discoverer's accounts, made a great map of the interior of North America, which Parkman considered the most remarkable of all the early maps of that region. On this the Chicago river is shown with the word "Cheagoumeman" at its mouth, with a building resembling a chapel, and the inscription "80 h," doubtless referring to the number of Indian lodges there. In 1688 he reproduced this map, with some changes, and one of these is to note a "Ft. Chicagou" located on the same river. It is known that there was a fort on the site of Chicago as early as 1685, and it probably was built in that year, as it does not appear on Franquelin's earlier map.

Many other things of interest to all who appreciate the momentous and romantic history of the interior of North America might be noticed in the text and cartographical illustrations of this handsome volume, did space permit. It is summed up in the author's inscription of his work to President Angell of the University of Michigan, which describes it as relating to "the great valley shared by the American people with others in the North, and the greater valley of the interior, all their own, almost becoming one with the other at various points, which carry the streams of national life back and forth between the gulf which Cartier opened and that other gulf which Columbus failed to comprehend."

EDWARD G. MASON.

DEMOCRITUS REDIVIVUS.*

An old friend of the seventeenth century comes back to us in very fresh and sumptuous apparel. Mr. A. H. Bullen, who has lived on familiar terms with the Elizabethan and Jacobean worthies, accompanies him and reintroduces him to a generation that might have forgotten the old scholar's face. With words of rare pleasantness, as one performing no formal duty but speaking from his heart, he presents this capped and gowned ancient as his life-long friend. A favorite with sturdy Samuel Johnson, and with the capricious humorist, Charles Lamb; an author who gave an impulse to the muse of Milton; whom Fuller praised for "variety of much excellent learning"; of whom Wood of the Athenæ Oxonienses said, "Gentlemen 'who are put to a push for invention' may furnish themselves with matter from him," a hint which Sterne took, plundering from these "sumless treasuries" the out-of-the-way lore that ballasts the whimsies of "Tristram Shandy,"—this contemporary of Shakespeare and Bacon still finds, in the age of Browning and Darwin, those who relish him. His science is all grown obsolete, his facts are useless without laborious sifting, his multitudinous quotations quite smother and obstruct his own wit and sense; but his curious learning, his simple earnest rational religion, his generous and hospitable temper, his sub-acidulated, arch, and playful humor, his keen insight into human nature in scholar and divine, cloistered recluse and man of the world, hysteric girl and boy "deep in the dumps," and his multifarious references to authors that only "live one day more" because Burton has seen fit to quote them, — all these things, combined with a shrewd, manly, pithy style, not, as one might have feared, deformed with undue mixture of latinisms, make the "Anatomy of Melancholy" as good a book to lie on the window seat, or on the bedside table with a match and a shaded candle handy, as any in the range of the whole library. Not Howell, nor Montaigne, nor Cervantes, not "Elia" and not "Yellowplush," nor our own "Easy Chair," nor "Parson Wilbur," will prove a better nightcap, or better while away the long drowsy hours of a summer afternoon. The book that plucked the reluctant Johnson from his couch two hours before his wonted rising has kept many another from

*THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. By Robert Burton. Edited by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. With an introduction by A. H. Bullen. New York: Macmillan & Co.

his pillow. Schoolboys have thumbed its pages, who needed a dictionary to decipher its endless stores of choice and doubtful latinity, and lacked experience of life to understand its undercurrents of humor. Scholars have vexed themselves to conjecture where in the wide field of literature might lurk a line quoted, without the usual clue in the crowded footnotes. One such scholar, the editor of this edition, has tracked, as with hawk or hound, numberless evasive fugitives to their lair in classic, patristic, scholastic, or renaissance folios. Had not ill-health forbade him to continue his chase, he had doubtless brought home many another brush in triumph. A very full index has lightened the labor of all future explorers, who, not content with straying over the fragrant meadows, desire to go deeper and make a study of this curious treatise. The three volumes, very unequal in bulk, each containing one of the "partitions" of the work upon the causes and the cure of Melancholy in general, and upon Love Melancholy and Religious Melancholy in particular, are admirably printed. Very many of the passages of his own and other writing which our author, from negligence or caution, left in their native Latin, have been for the first time pithily Englished. And many an ancient worthy may turn to his neighbor on the page emerging from three centuries of obscurity, and cry "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" The above mentioned schoolboys will be frankly, and some other readers, whose "old Italian," as the Autocrat calls it, has grown rusty, will be covertly grateful. We all read Latin like English, but it is still pleasant to see another scholar's version of it. If Mr. Shilleto's health had not failed him, doubtless the work in this regard had been completed, and some lack of consistency in the placing of these translations been avoided. None the less, the present issue, if not the "definitive edition" which Mr. Bullen is disposed to demand from Oxford scholars, may be pronounced by far the most elegant and serviceable edition now to be procured of one of the treasures of English literature.

To be sure, Hazlitt did not relish the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and doubtless many a nerveless reader will shelter himself behind that great critic's shield. But Hazlitt was fastidious and whimsical. His eccentric taste, his queasy appetite, found no savor in what others relished, while detecting a special tang that allured his palate in viands that were caviare to the multitude. I know that many a listless ruffler of the pages of the novels and magazines, the thin essays and compressed abridgements, of this present generation, will feel lost in the dense growths of Burton's jungle, and sigh for barren asphalt or clear-swept cobblestones. I know that this stout haggis with its "deal of fine confused feeding" will be to many a one as the cold sirloin and strong tankard of good Queen Bess's table, offered at breakfast-time to a modern club-man, as he sips his tea and trifles with his toast, a puny trencherman, over his morning paper. I know that there are those who will quote, at the expense of this enormous and catholic quoter, the words of his great contemporary, and tell him that he has been "at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps," that his table is laden with cold victuals begged all round the welkin. I recognize the relief that the modern mind, impatient of parentheses, with small leisure for loiterings, cannot but feel when Burton lets his own current flow unimpeded, nor delays to irrigate his crops by opening endless floodgates and letting on the rush of authorities from fifteen Christian, and some earlier, centuries. One is often tempted to say to him, as to some modest and kindly host, who persists in drawing out each of the guests, not all of his own calibre, about his table, "Will you not talk yourself, dear sir, and let these minor fires flicker on, or out, without the persuasion of your hospitable bellows? Give us Burton in undiluted potency. We can spare for a while Fuchsius, and Fernelius, and Hercules de Saxonia. Cardan and Paracelsus are workers of magic, but there is a certain Rector of Segrave and scholar of Christ Church to whom we would listen gladly. A sentence from his mouth will be as weighty as if uttered by Cappivaccius or Jason Pratensis."

What an odd fantastic company of forgotten worthies the "Anatomy of Melancholy" brings before us! True, Virgil and Ovid, Tully and Plato, have seats at the table; but what a throng of unnoted wits and doctors beside! As one might dine to-day with some whimsical Amphitryon who loves to collect "characters" about his board, and set their queer tongues wagging with his out-of-the-common vintages, and surprise his chance guest with contact with persons whom one "never meets in society," so a reader opens his Burton to find himself cheek-by-jowl with writers nowhere else to be encountered. As the Assyrian invader tauntingly inquired, "Where are the Kings of Harmath and Arpad, and of the city

of Sepharvaim, of Hena and Ivah? and where are the peoples of Gozan and Haran and Rezeph, and the children of Eden which were in Thelasar?" so we are tempted mockingly to ask, Who are these imposing authorities that are dumped upon us by the dozen and the score as men of substance and consequence? They are like Rembrandt's furred and bearded Burgomasters, of tremendous presence, but of no recognized potency. Who is Rodericus à Castro, to be distinguished from Rodericus à Fonseca? Who are Prosper Calenus and Trincavellius and Zanchius Guianerius and Hildesheim and John Baptista Silvaticus and Laelius à Fonte Eugubinus, that great doctor? Who has read Saint Briget's revelations, or the dialogues of Cæsar Vanninus, or that pleasant tract of Machometes Bragdedinus, or the Hodæporicons of Jod. a Meggen? The very names take a modern man's breath away. They suggest more than mortal wisdom. Yet their sayings are no such mighty things. John Smith and William Jones in their time have said better ones. We nudge our neighbor and ask, Who is yon ancient sage who sits beside you? "Never set eyes on him before, I assure you," is the answer. "One meets strange comrades here. All is fish that comes within the range of our good Burton's drag-net." You consult the encyclopædias and the biographical dictionaries. Ten to one, there is no entry of the famous name, or some such record as this: "A Dutch physician referred to in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'" Ten to one, also, that if by chance a fact or two to mark the man remains, he proves no longer half so weighty as Burton himself, and when you turn back to his saying it proves neither epigram nor oracle, and you wonder why with all his haul of bigger fishes the author should have picked out this sprat or smelt and sent it to the frying-pan, and served it in his lordly dish.

All that is true enough; but presently your insignificant neighbor at the board mentions carelessly that at "Hammel in Saxony, on the 20th day of June, A.D. 1484, the devil, in the likeness of a pied piper, carried away one hundred and thirty children, who were never after seen," and at the word the Pied Piper of Hamelin town is making his magic music in your ears, and you know that Robert Browning has sat at that rich table, and repeated its stories afterwards in his own wonderful way. Or you catch a chance illusion to Macbeth and Banquo, and prick up your ears for something wicked to come your way, and find it is not Shakespeare who is quoted, nor even Hollinshed's Chronicles whence the Avon poet drew his plot, but Hector Boethius — not by any means *the* Boethius — from whom Hollinshed drew the story first. As you listen, what delicious old-time phrases fly about you! You hear of circumforanean rogues, of turgent and stupend titles, of pasquils and compellations, of parats and foliots, of kells and tunicles. You hear "indecorum" and "catastrophe" used with an air of apology, italicised as not yet fairly good English, not at all "ingenite" in the language, but only "acquisite" of late. If you offend, you may be bidden to "go wollward," but, while trembling at the awful unknown penalty, receive "so gentle and bartable a pardon" that you fear no more, and in the "obnubilation" from the burning of Sir Walter's new plant from the Americas, the vision vanishes, and you are back in the nineteenth century again.

If you are a comfortable Latinist you have needed no interpreter. The Saxon and the Roman speech will serve. With all Burton's varied and recondite learning, he makes little use of any other than the universal language of scholars and his own vernacular. In reading with care nearly or quite half his treatise, the reviewer has come across no single Spanish or Italian or German citation, but a dozen words of Greek (could Burton have read his Plato or Thucydides with a "pony"?), and but two briefest phrases from the French, which any lad might have picked up from some traveled neighbor or monsieur in exile, *sans argent* and *à la mort*. But anything extant in choice or dubious Latin, anything on Burton's own crowded shelves or in the alcoves of the Bodleian, may be drawn upon at any time, with quite undistinguishing regard.

I do not think it was often the beauty, the fancy, the imagination of the passage that brought it to Burton's mind. Like many another master of style, he was comparatively insensitive to the charms of style — was seeking not for ornament but use. The line of Ovid or the sentence of Livy was no more welcome than the passage from Struthius or Curio. If it was in the line of his thought, that was all he cared for. The seeker for epigrams, for gems of verse or prose is not often gratified. Burton quotes to confirm what he has said or to lead up to what he wants to say. The witness may talk twattle if he will only testify to the one point in question.

For in those days, a book was *per se* an au-

thority. What got in print was gospel until at least a conflicting gospel was revealed. There was a certain presumption in its favor, however questionable that which it contained. An author was still not far removed from his old-time priesthood. It was not yet credible that words in type conveying the observations of learned men might be as valueless as old crone's tales. The sifting, discriminating, critical judgment of science, that tests all things, that tries each antecedent plausibility by repeated experiment, that proceeds by cautious induction from selected facts, and not by brilliant deduction from axiom or postulate, was not yet in vogue. The contemporaries of Francis Bacon still bowed to the authority of Aristotle, and the author of the "Novum Organum" was still an unaccredited innovator. So Burton quotes, with varying emphasis indeed, and half suggestion of a hesitating credence, but on the whole with large acceptance, ancients and moderns, thinkers and pedants, philosophers and charletans, of Italy and Germany and France and England, and lets them bear their quite unequal testimony to all sorts of marvellous events and opinions. That melancholy men are witty, Aristotle is authority; that blind men never blush, Dandinus says it; that the devil is an expert physician, so Godelman bears witness; that a Spanish Marquis made one of his slaves young again, as Renatum Morey declares, — all these things Burton gravely records, as what a sober mind would hardly deny, though an emancipated philosopher might hold his judgment in suspense as to some of them, where the doctors differ too widely. The mediæval identification of faith and credulity was not yet broken up. Burton, though suspicious of a pagan or a jesuit miracle, still allowed occult causes generous playroom within the limits of his large belief.

The same deference to authority is visible in Burton's homage to the royal pedant who fidgetted uneasily in the great queen's seat. James I. had been eighteen years on the throne when the first edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with its queer enigmatic frontispiece, appeared. And Burton pays him tribute, not in a set dedication, a mere form of custom, courtesying even to small kings, but full in the body of the text, once as "Another Numa, a second Augustus, a true Josiah," and again as "our Amulet, our Sun, our Ptolemy, our common Mæcenas, Jacobus munificus, Jacobus pacificus, mysta Musarum, rex Platonicus, grande decus, columenque nostrum." And when, thus belauded, that earliest English Stuart, with his tincture of honest scholarship but his unroyal pettiness of fibre, had gone over to the majority, in his next edition Burton improves the occasion, and adds, "But he is gone, this Sun of ours is set, and yet no night follows. We have such another in his room,"—and so makes his bow to that falsest of melancholy monarchs, Charles the First.

Did shrewd and sturdy men like Burton anatomize and decipher character no better than this? Did they believe and hope such things, or only say such things, as we use unmeaning social forms to-day? It is hard to tell. Perhaps in the eyes of a recluse of loyal Oxford, the divinity that doth hedge a King made such hyperboles of homage decent and credible. The turning of the compliment from James to Charles reminds us how a greater than Burton passed his plaudits on from Elizabeth to James

> "This bird of honour dies, this maiden phenix
> Her ashes new create another heir
> As great in admiration as herself
>
> "Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fixed" —

transfixed, indeed, in sheer amaze at such an apotheosis. Shakespeare wrote in verse with all a poet's license, and his play was to be enacted before the Court, which might account for florid adulation. But, after eighteen years of James's inglorious reign, the thing is strange in Burton, who surely was no courtier.

It is strange also that with all his quoting, Burton should have made comparatively little use of the brilliant literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. Had he read Shakespeare's immortal works? There is a quotation from "an elegant poet of ours" in his "Rape of Lucrece," and another from the "Venus and Adonis"; but the only reference to the plays is a quotation, mis-cited, of the doggerel couplet that ends the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet,"

> "For never was a story of more woe
> Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

Of Francis Bacon we have three brief passages; while of Roger Bacon there are nine. Of Beaumont, of Fletcher, of Massinger, of Ford, of Middleton, there is not one. Daniel is more a favorite, and "the English Ovid" Drayton. Spenser, "our modern Maro," is quoted half a dozen times; Sidney's "Arcadia" once. Marlowe is noticed several times. But a treatise upon melancholy could have found its richest illustrations in Hamlet and Macbeth and Timon and Othello and King Lear, and all the world of diseased contemplations

that make up the sum of the Elizabethan drama; and Burton evidently hunted far afield, while regardless of much that lay close to his own door. After all, authors are not always "up" in the writings of their contemporaries. The "Fable for Critics" had been published half a dozen years before Emerson had come upon the passage that concerned himself.

It is comforting to note in any one direction a probable gap in Burton's omniscience. It is far easier to guess what he had not read than what he had. Make a list of Greek and Latin classics, of the Fathers of the Eastern and Western Church, of the Arabian sages, of the schoolmen, doctors seraphic and doctors angelic, of the voyagers on unknown seas and travellers in undiscovered countries, of the divines and the saints and the lawyers, the alchemists and the chemists, the physicians and metaphysicians of all lands and ages, — then go to the index of "Burton's Anatomy" as the likeliest place to encounter them everyone. As we turn the pages we forget that they are but print and paper. We seem to be seated on a magic carpet, or mounted on the horse of brass, and to be borne across the world from China to Peru, threading our way past Dodonian groves and Babylonian gardens, Egyptian temples and Roman palaces and Teutonic shrines, and listening to a Babel chorus of voices out of every nation under heaven. We cry, in Burton's own eloquent and Jeremy-Taylor-like outburst, "As a long-winged hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft and for his own pleasure makes many a circuit . . . so will I, having now come into these ample fields of air . . . awhile rove, wander round about the world, mount aloft to those etherial orbs and celestial spheres, and so descend to my former elements again." As we descend, these former elements seem dull and paltry. When again shall we ride Leviathan, behold the Phœnix, talk with Prester John, and live with the wits, the poets, the scholars of all time? Only when once more we submit ourselves to Burton's mighty spell.

C. A. L. Richards.

The Turnbull lectures on "Dante," by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, are now in progress at the Johns Hopkins University, the dates being from March 29 to April 9. The first had for its subject "The Function of Poetry" and "The Thirteenth Century in Italy." The remaining five are devoted, respectively, to the "Vita Nuova," the prose writings, and the three *canticle* of the Sacred Song. This is the fourth course of the Turnbull lectures on poetry.

American Pottery and Porcelain.*

Mr. Barber, the author of "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," has been well known to china collectors for some years past as an indefatigable gatherer of items relating to the pottery and porcelain of this country. His little printed slips, asking for information and suggestions, are familiar to china-owners all over the country; and the result of his unwearied investigations may be found in this beautifully printed and illustrated book. As a work of the printer's art, it leaves nothing to be desired. The graceful and beautiful vases and jars, and the portions of table services so carefully and perfectly depicted therein—notably those of the Chesapeake Pottery and the Rookwood Pottery — make one thrill with patriotic pride, and renew the sense of satisfaction felt at the Columbian Exposition at the sight of the beautiful exhibits of the American manufacturers of pottery and porcelain.

As in his preface Mr. Barber avows that one of "the main purposes of the work is to furnish an account of such of the earlier potteries as, for any reason, possess some historical interest," it is to be deplored that the chapters on "Early Pottery in America" (seventeenth century) and "Potteries of the Eighteenth Century" are not fuller and more exhaustive. In the first-named chapter the author does not even refer to the possibility of pot-works existing in New England at that date. Yet in 1646 the General Court of Massachusetts ordered that "tyle earth to make sale ware shall be digged before the first of 9 mo, and turned over in the last or first before it be wrought." In Connecticut and Massachusetts, potters were frequently on the list of freemen. Higginson, writing of the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629, said: "It is thought here is a good clay to make bricks & tyles and earthen-pot as may be. At this instant we are setting a brick kill to work." The Salem or Danvers kilns were certainly as early in operation as any pot-works in the colonies. In Mr. Barber's chapter on eighteenth century works, he scantily notices the progress of ceramic manufacture in the New England colonies. The Danvers potteries, unnamed by him, had become important. Morse's Gazetteer of 1797 says of this town: "Large quantities of

* The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States. An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By William Atlee Barber. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

brick and coarse earthen ware are manufactured here." It is said there were twenty pot-works in Danvers at that date. On Long Island many potteries existed, though Mr. Barber does not name them; at Whitestone, Flatbush, New Lots, and other Long Island towns, quite an extensive manufacture of coarse pots, pans, urns, etc., was carried on. That considerable pottery was made in other parts of Massachusetts, we cannot doubt. In the advertisements of the "Boston News Letter," as early as 1716, among the "servants to be disposed of" on board the ship on which these "redemptioners" came over, were "earthenware Pottery-makers." "Mangness" for the use of potters was an article of barter. By 1769 much encouragement was given to the manufacture of various fictile wares, and good wages were offered to potters — "Twenty Dollars per month, with Victuals, Drink, Washing and Lodging." And the Connecticut newspapers, of dates immediately previous to and after Revolutionary times, contain many references to pot-works and potters. Doubtless all this New England pottery was simple porous stoneware — milkpans, jugs, and pipkins,— but quite as worthy of extended reference as the pottery of Pennsylvania, of which Mr. Barber writes.

I would also note, in passing, Mr. Barber's rather confusing arrangement. In the chapter entitled "The Eighteenth Century" he places manufactories and manufactures of much later dates — some 1809; Sgraffiato ware marked 1826; John Nases wares, 1812 and 1830, and even as late as 1847; Jacob Sholl's wares, 1831; and several others. The part of this chapter devoted to slip decorated and Sgraffiato ware is perhaps the most interesting portion of the book. The succeeding chapters on wares of our own times have been prepared with great care and intelligence, and appear to be very exhaustive. The one on china-marks will certainly be valuable in future time, and the ones on tiles and decorative terra cotta are very instructive.

It is certainly praiseworthy to preserve in such handsome form the actual accomplishments of the pottery manufacturers of the United States to-day, for facts are quickly forgotten; the history of the much disputed Lowestoft ware may be held up as an example of the short length of time in which authentic data of a certain pottery manufacture may be lost. Still, the Lowestoft wares were made before the days of trade catalogues, before the vast advertisement of all manufactured materials. It would seem that such a contingency could scarcely arise in the future with regard to our present productions.

Though this book is very valuable as a catalogue or manual, it need not be criticised as literature. Stopford Brooke says, "Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said." Mr. Barber's "way of saying"—his style—is not interesting. This fact does not, of course, impair the worth as a book of reference. It might be argued that a technical work like this is usually rather dry reading; but as an example of what such a book may be, or rather what a work on precisely similar lines is, let me call attention to Llewellyn Jewitt's "History of the Ceramic Art of Great Britain," a book universally interesting even to the reader who cares nothing for china.

Ruskin says, "Side-glimpses sometimes bring home better results than a broad stare." It is the side-glimpses at the potter's art of early times that we miss in Mr. Barber's book. We should like to have known a little of the amount of production and exportation of pottery and porcelain in England; somewhat of the condition and number of foreign-born potters in America at that day; to be shown more fully why so little was made of American resources in pottery materials, why so slowly they were developed. But we have only a very broad stare at the blank facts of the manufacture of china in the United States.

And yet some side-glimpses are given. For instance, we are told much of one Mr. Taylor; that he served in the army in the war of the Rebellion, that he has been postmaster of his town, that he is a warm personal friend of Governor McKinley, etc., etc.,—all very estimable traits,—and then, after the index at the end of the book, we have also a very pretty advertisement of Mr. Taylor's hotel ware. But these scarcely answer our notions of what might be said on such an art-subject as china.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE Woman's Education Association of Boston offers two foreign fellowships of $600 and $400 respectively. Applications for these fellowships for the year 1894–95 should be sent before May 1, 1894, to Mrs. N. P. Hallowell, chairman of the committee, West Medford, Mass. Candidates must be graduates of the colleges recognized by the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ or graduates of the Harvard Annex, and should be women who expect to follow permanently professional, scientific, or literary work.

Studies in American Politics and Political History.*

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson's "Politics in a Democracy" is an incisive study of some features in our American political life—from a point of view. The author has very pronounced partisan prejudices, and he sees facts accordingly. His characterization of the modern Republican Party reads quite like the indictment which Callender or Benjamin Franklin Bache were wont to draw against the Federalists. The trouble with any strong partisan is, not so much that he is blind, as that his eyesight gives out before the facts do. Mr. Thompson has a way of seeing quite clearly facts which are convenient. But one who reads his discussion of Tammany is apt to wonder whether a realizing sense of the value of that remarkable institution to the fortunes of a national party may not perhaps envelope the tiger in a somewhat mellowing atmosphere of sweetness and light. Mr. Thompson repeats some of the familiar things which Lalor's Cyclopædia has to say about Tammany Hall, adds a few other equally familiar facts, and then proceeds to chat and generalize in a very entertaining way. While he points out the evils of Tammany, still he spends a large proportion of his strength in showing the good features. And really he makes out a pretty strong case. As one closes the book one is apt to feel a dawning suspicion that the standards of judgment taught in the colleges and churches and magazines are perhaps rather artificial and superfine — that these stalwart liquor-dealers who make up half of the Tammany executive committee are on the whole an honest and amiable set of fellows; that in managing politics with an eye single to the emoluments of office and contracts, there is after all nothing vicious, but merely a tendency. Of course no moral quality inheres in a "tendency." And there may be something essentially mistaken in having high ideals at all. If democracy implies low-downness, and this is a democratic country, the only rational thing is to get down to the general level as soon as possible.

But is it true that democracy and venality are inseparable? If a man earns a living by driving a cart, is it so sure that he has more moral obtuseness and less rugged common-sense than his polished neighbor in the brown-stone front?

There are two things which Mr. Thompson makes plain, but the significance of which needs more emphasis than he gives them. The essence of Tammany Hall is venal politics. It is an organized conspiracy to get and keep control of the public funds of the city of New York. All other matters — sympathy with foreign-born citizens, affiliation with the Roman Catholic church, fellowship for the "common people," alliance with one national party, support of the liquor business — all these are incidental and subordinate. Of course, controlling the city funds does not necessarily mean stealing them —though Mr. Tweed showed quite plainly the possibilities in that direction. But Tammany means, at best, getting the offices and the salaries and the contracts and the jobs of all sorts. How much more it means in that same line of pecuniary profit is one of those things, as Lord Dundreary would say, "which no fellow can find out." But before and above all else, Tammany is the incarnation of the spoils system in politics. If that is a good and a necessary system, then Tammany Hall is merely the natural and laudable efflorescence of our democratic society. If that system is radically needless and vicious, then Tammany is simply one of its sheet-anchors to windward.

This fact of the identity of Tammany with the spoils system has an immediate bearing on another consideration. Tammany cannot be overthrown by any mere revolt against the organization. An alliance of anti-Tammany democrats with the Republican organization of the city is no more than a temporary expedient. The victory of a rival machine — such as Fernando Wood's "Mozart Hall," just before the war—is merely the perpetuation of Tammany methods under another name. In other words, the thing to attack is not the organization, but the system which is the life of the organization. Tammany is not a disease; it is merely a symptom—a cutaneous eruption indicative of poisoned blood. And if the system of spoils in city offices can be destroyed, Tammany Hall will vanish into the air.

Whether such destruction is possible, may perhaps fairly be questioned. But it is quite sure that it will never be at all likely so long as city elections are conducted by the machinery of national politics. If we can get rid of national politics in local elections, we may be able to find something better than the spoils system. If we can break down the spoils system, Tammany will at once become innocuous, and its braves may celebrate the season of flowers in peace. The ghost of Tweed will be laid.

Mr. Thompson's remedy for the evils of Tam-

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* Politics in a Democracy. An Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Triumphant Democracy. Sixty Years' March of the Republic. Revised Edition, based on the Census of 1890. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims. A Chapter in Diplomatic History. By J. C. Bancroft Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

William Jay and the Constitutional Movement for the Abolition of Slavery. By Bayard Tuckerman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

History of Elections in the American Colonies. By Cortlandt F. Bishop, Ph.D. Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, edited by the University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. New York: Columbia College.

History of Slavery in Connecticut. By Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Baltimore.

Local Government in the South and the Southwest. By Professor Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D. (J. H. U.), and Students of Vanderbilt University, Baltimore.

Popular Election of U. S. Senators. By John Haynes, Graduate Student in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

many is increase in righteousness. No doubt that would do. But it will take considerable righteousness to purify Tammany Hall.

A new revision of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy," with the numerous figures adjusted to the census of 1890, is evidence that there is a demand for the canny Scotchman's optimism, notwithstanding Homestead. Mr. Fuller, in "The Cliff Dwellers," speaks of a Chicagoan's favorite occupation as talking about his city to a stranger. And fully a half-century ago, young Martin Chuzzlewit was meaningly informed by one of the solemn Western Americans of that day that "We has to be cracked up." Mr. Carnegie certainly pounds the drum and toots the horn with great skill and volume of sound. His theme is the general bigness of the Republic; and he piles up figures and rattles off adjectives with the enthusiastic abandon of a Western real-estate agent. The late Mr. Disraeli once referred to Mr. Gladstone as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." One is inclined to fit the coat on Mr. Carnegie, letting it out in spots: "A sophistical statistician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own statistical fecundity." He oozes figures at every pore. He points on nearly every page to totals so tall that it makes one dizzy to look at them. The reader feels inclined to sympathize with the honest Englishman who set out from New York to cross the continent, but came back having gone no farther than Salt Lake, explaining that he was discouraged by "the blarsted bigness of the country."

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," reminds us of the German whom Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. Mr. Phillips adds, "It seems to me the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself."

The achievements of the American democracy have been very great, no doubt. The world has never before seen a virgin continent occupied by a vast migration of civilized men armed with all the appliances by which human power has in these last decades been so vastly multiplied. There have been other historic race movements. But the German Franks who went out west so many centuries ago and preëmpted homesteads in Gaul did not have railroads or newspapers or steam threshing-machines. They created a great nation, to be sure; but it took a thousand years to do it. We have created a greater nation, and it has only taken us a hundred years. And we do enjoy bragging about it.

But are we quite sure that it *is* a greater nation which we have made? Are we sure that we have the right unit with which to measure greatness? If the unit is square miles, or millions of people, or dollars, it is all plain sailing. A little of Mr. Carnegie's arithmetic will do the business. And there is no manner of doubt that we do dearly love bigness. Chicago has a greater area than London, has taller buildings than Paris, packs more hogs than Rome. *Ergo* ——. To be sure, the Louvre is lacking, and the British Museum. But we are big — so big!

Mr. Carnegie's book needs to be read with caution. The truth is that in America our real tasks have just begun. To succeed with them we shall need all the rude strength which we have thus far lavished so prodigally — and we shall need fineness of mind and delicacy of touch as well. We shall need all the wide diffusion of knowledge which our schools and newspapers afford — but we need knowledge much deeper and more exact than come from either. It wouldn't hurt us if we had less bragging and more books — less show and fuss and more honest living — less pork and more scholars. An old definition was, "Gentleman — one who eats more than he earns." That fits exactly both extremes of our social organism — the pauper tramp and the millionaire tramp. The wise man will consider both with grave attention, not for themselves, but for what they mean. Material obstacles we have overcome easily. How will our materialistic democracy handle social difficulties which have perplexed the wisest men and the greatest nations?

A disputed question of our political history so recent as 1871 is the subject of an interesting little volume by Mr. Bancroft Davis. It will be remembered that at the organization of the Senate of the United States in March of that year, Charles Sumner, long the chairman of the Committee on Foreign relations, was displaced in favor of Simon Cameron. This act of the Republican majority in the Senate has been claimed by Mr. Sumner's friends to have been in revenge for that gentleman's strenuous and successful opposition to President Grant's policy of annexation in San Domingo. On behalf of the President and of Secretary Fish, on the other hand, it has been asserted that Mr. Sumner was removed from the chairmanship on account of his radical disagreement with the administration in reference to the claims against England, the settlement of which was then pending.

Mr. Sumner had insisted, in a speech in the Senate in April, 1869, that the English recognition of Confederate belligerency was itself an act which made that nation responsible for any resulting damage in the United States. Then, in estimating the amount of damages, besides computing the direct value of the ships destroyed by the Southern cruisers fitted out in England at about $15,000,000, Mr. Sumner added a claim for our loss of the carrying trade, estimating that at about $110,000,000. And to cap the climax he declared that the action of England had doubled the duration, and hence the cost, of the war. As that cost was about $4,000,000,000, it followed that half that was justly due from England, if the theory was correct.

Of course for the United States to insist on such claims would have meant that any peaceable settlement would be impossible. England would have

incurred the risk of war with the United States rather than pay amounts so enormous. President Grant and Secretary Fish were content to place the English responsibility merely on official negligence in allowing the Confederate vessels to sail in the first instance, and on aid given them subsequently in British ports. The damages they did not desire to extend beyond the direct loss.

But in January, 1871, when negotiations with Great Britain were assuming shape, Secretary Fish consulted the Massachusetts Senator to get a final statement of his views. These were embodied by Mr. Sumner in a memorandum dated January 17, 1871. He retained emphatically the extreme ground he had already assumed, and now added the suggestion that the readiest solution of all matters in dispute would be for England to cede Canada,— in short, "To make the settlement complete, the withdrawal should be from this hemisphere, including provinces and islands." Such a scheme of settlement might have been practicable had it come at the close of a victorious war against Great Britain. It was certainly chimerical under the conditions prevailing in 1871. True, English relations with Russia at that time were such as to make a settlement of troublesome disputes with the United States highly desirable. But to secure India against a possible danger by the surrender of America, or to avert the cost of a contingent war by a contribution equal to the cost of an actual one, was hardly to be expected.

Under these circumstances it certainly made for the success of a peaceful settlement to have another chairman at the head of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. And Mr. Davis makes a plausible case in showing the development of the breach between Mr. Sumner and the administration, and the apparently irreconcilable nature of those differences. However, he does not attempt to prove — which indeed might be difficult of proof—that aside from this grave question of public policy the smart of the successful opposition to other administrative plans may have made it much easier for supporters of the President to realize the pressing importance of a change in the committee. And the precise fitness of Mr. Simon Cameron to succeed Mr. Sumner would be an interesting matter of inquiry. The political bearing of the quarrel between President Grant and a portion of the Republican party did not become quite obvious till much later. The grotesque nomination of Greeley in 1872 prevented present danger to Republican ascendancy. But yet this break in the party was the "beginning of woes." Ten years later it was followed by the second great quarrel among leaders. And these dissensions disrupted the party. The history of the Federalists in 1800 was repeated in 1884.

As to Mr. Sumner's position on the main question, it must be admitted that it had the sympathy of the American people very generally. The unfriendly, selfish, and malicious conduct of Great Britain during our Civil War sank very deep into the public consciousness. There is no manner of doubt that the moral and material support which the South received from England did greatly prolong the war, and did add largely to its cost in life and property. This was felt very bitterly at the North, and there was no time from 1865 until 1871 at which a war with England would not have been an exceedingly popular measure. In fact, war would have been regarded by many as far preferable to any money compensation. There are some injuries in private life for which it is commonly felt that law affords no adequate redress, and for which retribution in blood, stern and speedy, is the only possible atonement. This may not be the most advanced civilization, but it is an elemental instinct of human nature. And that feeling to this day modifies the regard of great masses of Americans for Great Britain. The settlement affected by the treaty of Washington was undoubtably a wise act of statesmanship. Imperfect as it was, it was better to accept it as final, and to close the account. National revenges are better unsatisfied. But it is not easy to forget. And Mr. Sumner in 1871 was a more accurate interpreter of the popular feeling than was Secretary Fish.

Mr. Tuckerman's life of Judge Jay is a contribution to the history of a peculiar phase of the abolition movement. It exhibits the share in that movement taken by a man of excellent birth, of inherited wealth, of high religious and intellectual culture, and at the same time of great sanity and sweetness of character. Such men were not many among the agitators; and the course of Judge Jay throws in strong relief the erratic and fanatical tendencies which did so much to stamp the name Abolitionist with contempt.

The son of Chief Justice John Jay, a graduate of Yale College in the year which witnessed the inception of Jefferson's embargo, a churchman high in the counsels of the Protestant Episcopal church in the State of New York, a jurist of so great purity and ability that for a quarter of a century he was continued on the bench by appointment from governors irrespective of party, — these are the outward features of the life of William Jay. Early interested in the question of freedom for the slave, his pen was active in disseminating ideas of emancipation. But he was from the outset firmly of the opinion that interference with slavery in the States in which it existed was wholly beyond the constitutional power of Congress. That power, he held, could be exerted only to abolish the institution in the District of Columbia and in the territories, and to put a stop to the inter-state trade in human beings.

This constitutional doctrine was very conservative in the view of the advanced abolitionists. It was essentially the ground on which the Republican party was formed later, and was the only possible ground for political action against slavery, short of revolution and civil war. But it was with great dif-

ficulty that the American Anti-Slavery Society was held to this view of the question. Reformers tend to become extremists, and Judge Jay found his abolition associates becoming more and more restive under any declaration of principles short of root-and-branch extermination.

There was another difficulty. In the view of a variety of people, society needs reforming in a variety of ways. And a mind which has once for all adjusted itself to some radical social reconstruction has usually so effectually thrown itself out of adjustment with what is that it fits in readily with almost any scheme of alleged reform. And so all sorts of "isms" in which the decades before the Civil War were so prolific naturally attached themselves to the Abolition movement. Women's rights, dress reform, food reform, temperance, table-tipping, communism, all sorts of odds and ends of social vagaries, become thoroughly mixed up with Abolitionism. The resolutions of Anti-Slavery societies became more and more turgid and multifarious. And people in general came to associate the Abolition cause with the general domain of crankdom. All this must be taken into account in trying to understand the odium which attached to the name Abolitionist among so many excellent people. It was not pure wickedness which caused the violent opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement in New England and New York and other free States. If that cause could have been kept clear of "entangling alliances" with other "causes" — good, bad, indifferent, immoral, whimsical, what not, — Abolitionism would have quite a different savor.

Judge Jay devoted all his large influence and clear intelligence to keeping opposition to slavery independent of other movements, and within constitutional lines. When he saw that the American Anti-Slavery Society was hopelessly in the hands of the professional "reformers," he withdrew, and aided in forming another association. He always opposed the disunion schemes of some Abolitionists and the "no government" policy of others. The Constitution, the Union, lawful methods—these he held adequate to a reasonable movement against the system of human slavery. And his constant efforts were given to the effort to hold the friends of Abolition in this impregnable position. He lived long enough to see a great national party founded on his principles—a party destined to destroy slavery without destroying the Union. His death in 1857 was too soon for him to share in the great events which at last made the Republic the home of free men. But it cannot be doubted that his was a powerful influence in giving shape to that wise popular view of the case which in the end was able to deal with slavery. Jay and Lincoln and Seward, not Garrison and Phillips and John Brown, represent the Anti-Slavery force which put the Thirteenth Amendment into the Constitution.

Twenty-five years ago, but little attention had been given to the study of political history in America. Since then there has been a renascence of patriotic scholarship, and the scientific method has been applied with energy and intelligence to the study of our own institutions. The patient and minute work which has been encouraged at Johns Hopkins and Columbia has already sufficed to amass material which will be of priceless value to the historian. Three of these studies are before us. Mr. Bishop's "History of Elections in the American Colonies" is a valuable compilation from the early laws and records, and will be of decided help in tracing the form taken by the elective franchise in our early State constitutions. Mr. Steiner's "History of Slavery in Connecticut" is a contribution towards a systematic and scientific study of that institution in the United States — a work which still remains to be done. The study of "Local Government in the South and the Southwest," by Prof. E. W. Bemis and students of Vanderbilt University, is an example of what may be done by college students when their work is directed to a purpose. A more exact bibliography would add to the value of the work. Mr. Haynes' paper on "Popular Election of U. S. Senators" is an argument for that method. It should be timely reading just now in many quarters.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A graphic picture of Irish life.

Dr. William Wright's "The Brontës in Ireland" (Appleton) is a rarely interesting book, almost as much so, to our notion, as the best of the novels which have made the Brontë name famous. (And touching this name we may add that Dr. Wright decides once for all that it is and always was Brontë — not "Brunty," or the still more ignominious "Prunty," as some authorities have it. "Brunty," however, seems to have been the local Irish pronunciation.) We have several Lives of the author of "Jane Eyre" — Mrs. Gaskell's, Mr. Wemyss Reid's, and Mr. Birrell's, each capital in its way; but it has remained, we believe, for the present author to trace the current of Brontë life back to Ireland, and to explore its head-waters there. This he has done with patience, enthusiasm, and literary skill; and the result is a book that is not only satisfactory from a biographical standpoint, but is a strikingly fresh and graphic picture of Irish rural life as well. The Doctor is a capital hand at a story. Thrilling indeed — almost Homeric — is his account of the combat between Welsh Brontë and Sam Clarke of Ballynaskeagh—an era-making event even in County Down, and, in a way, the Hegira of the local calendar. "Women," he says, "would speak of their children as born or their daughters married so many years before or after the fight, and old men in referring to their ages would tell how they had been present when Welsh Brontë licked Sam. Clarke, and that they must have been of such an age at the

time." We are glad to record, to the Brontë honor, that the victor, more magnanimous than Achilles, bore the defeated Samuel home in his arms, and put him to bed for bodily repairs. Striking, too, is the picture of stern Hugh Brontë, Charlotte's uncle, as he prepared his new blackthorn and crossed to England to wreak Irish vengeance on the scoundrel who traduced his niece's honor in the infamous "Quarterly" review of "Jane Eyre":—"Hugh had for many years been watching over the growth of a young blackthorn sapling, as if it had been an only child. It had arrived at maturity about the time the diabolical article appeared in the 'Quarterly.' The supreme moment of his life had arrived, and the weapon on which he depended was ready. . . . His first act was to dig up the blackthorn carefully, so that he might have enough of the thick root to form a lethal club. Having pruned it roughly, he placed the butt end in warm ashes night after night to season. Then, when it had become sapless and hard, he reduced it to its final dimensions. Afterwards he steeped it in brine, or 'put it in pickle' as the saying goes; and when it had been a sufficient time in the salt water, he took it out and rubbed it with shamois and train oil for hours. Then came the final process. He shot a magpie, drained its blood into a cup, and with the lappered blood polished the blackthorn till it became glossy black with a mahogany tint. . . . No Sir Galahad ever valued his shield, or trusted his spear, as Hugh Brontë cherished and loved his shillelagh." Dr. Johnson's memorable preparations for Ossian Macpherson were nothing to this. Dr. Wright adds an interesting chapter concerning the long-disputed identity of the rascally reviewer in question, and he seems to have solved the mystery satisfactorily. For the culprit's name, and for the degree of his or her responsibility in the case, we must refer the reader to the original.

Historical Interpretations of Philosophy.

Professor John Bascom's "Historical Interpretation of Philosophy" (Putnam) would make an excellent course of lectures for the senior class of a minor college, whom it was not desirable to feed on too strong meat. Are we mistaken in suspecting that much of the material of the book has already seen service in this way? It presents a judicious but not burdensome selection of facts from Ueberweg, and a sensible pleasantly written commentary which warns the student against pernicious tendencies of thought, and directs him into the safe *via media* of an intuitionist realism, avoiding the dangerous extremes of monistic idealism and monistic materialism. The style is easy and flowing, and in places prettily figurative, reminding us occasionally of Dr. Martineau, to whom Professor Bascom will not object to be compared. The various systems passed in review are judged mainly by their tendencies, and approved of or condemned according as they approach or diverge from the standard of what the author, although he nowhere defines it, clearly feels to be the true philosophy. It is asserted in the introduction that "all conclusions that lie beyond the primary convictions of men will be found aberrations, vagaries." Punctilious historical accuracy was perhaps hardly compatible with the main design of the work. But it is a little startling to find Berkeley removed from his true position in the development between Locke and Hume, and classed with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Clark, and Dr. Martineau among the dissenters from the predominant school of English philosophy. The exigencies of Professor Bascom's method have led him, we fear, into unintentional injustice towards the estimable Locke. "He raised the question," we are told, "'Does matter think?' Why not, pray, if the mind be material? Can things fly? Why not, if flying is being hurled from a catapult?" But surely Professor Bascom is aware that Locke never asserted the possibility of matter thinking as an ultimate metaphysical principle. He declared that, for aught we know, God might have arbitrarily annexed to a certain arrangement of matter the power of thought, but he explicitly denied that the divine thought itself could result from any disposition of material particles. In other words, he affirmed that thought could ultimately originate only in mind. "Dear old Locke," as Professor James calls him, has often before been misrepresented upon this point, and is likely to be so again.

A practical book for history teachers.

"How to Study and Teach History," (Appleton), a duodecimo of three hundred and forty-six pages, appears in the "International Education" series, whereof Dr. William T. Harris is editor. This volume, by Professor Burke A. Hinsdale of the University, of Michigan, is introduced by a delicious bit of Hegelianism by Dr. Harris, and a brief preface by the author, who says that he has had in mind more particularly the needs of teachers in elementary and in secondary schools, though he thinks much of the work should interest teachers of history in colleges. He calls it a practical work, "not indeed in the narrow mechanical sense of the word: no effort is made to tell the teacher *just what* he shall teach or *just how* he shall teach it." The wisdom shown in that statement appears throughout the book in many valuable suggestions of method, the author recognizing the fact that every good teacher is his own method, while the best may learn from others. He discusses the educational value of history; its field; its sources; choice of facts; organization of facts into history: time, place, cause, and effect in history, both physical causes and spiritual or human. There are valuable chapters on historical geography. Then, as the book is for the benefit of that large number of teachers who in that function are never called to go beyond the history of the United States, Professor Hinsdale proceeds to exemplify his methods and philosophy in one hundred and twenty-two pages on North America and the United States. There is an abundant suggestion of books to be read or consulted. We have thus

given an outline of the book as the best beginning of a criticism of it. For the ordinary reader, and still more for the teacher, it is a very valuable book. We have read with interest many of its pages, and young teachers will find all the book helpful and instructive. The chapter on the Slave-Power shows in a good light Dr. Hinsdale's judicial qualities of mind. He writes good English, not ornate or rhetorical, but clear and forceful. We have found but a single sentence to alter: on page 122 he says the sea was "not too far off to prevent" trade: he means the opposite —"not so far off as to prevent" trade. And surely on the next page he should prefer *Aquileia* to the rarer and hardly correct form *Aquilia*. When a new edition is called for, will he not favor us with a bibliographical index?

A pleasing literary memorial.

Professor Vincenzo Botta, of New York, has edited an interesting volume intended as a memorial to his wife, the late Anne C. Lynch Botta. Mrs. Botta was a conspicuous figure in New York literary circles during a long period of years, and her drawing-rooms were the scene of many a brilliant gathering. She came as near, in fact, as any woman has done in this country to the maintenance of a *salon* in the Parisian sense. Her own literary work included a useful compendium of the history of general literature, a considerable number of poems, and many productions of a more fugitive character. How happy she was in her friends appears from the list of those whose personal tributes make up the first half of this memorial volume. There are contributions from Messrs. A. D. White, S. Parke Godwin, James A. Froude, Justin McCarthy, E. C. Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Edith M. Thomas, and many others. Professor Froude, for example, writes: "I have known many interesting women in my life, but about her there is a peculiar grace which I have never seen in any other person." This tribute may be taken as typical of all the collection, which leaves unstruck few notes in the whole gamut of possible praise. Mrs. Botta, among other good works, it seems, "discovered" Miss Edith M. Thomas. "When Miss Thomas presented herself at Mrs. Botta's door, she was entirely unknown; but the portfolio of manuscripts she had under her arm made it impossible for her to remain so any longer. Mrs. Botta detected the divine spark, and passed the poet on to that other poet, Helen Jackson ('H. H.'), who set herself to work at once to make Miss Thomas known to the world." The second half of this memorial volume includes letters to and from Mrs. Botta (among her correspondents having been Kossuth, Emerson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, George Ticknor, Frederika Bremer, and "Fanny Kemble"), and selections from her writings in prose and verse. The volume makes a pleasing impression, and enshrines a personality that was clearly of the most lovable sort. The editing has not always been done with accuracy, as is witnessed by the description of Frederika Bremer as a "Norwegian," and by the curious reference (p. 203) to "Arnold's scholar, Gypsey." Messrs. J. Selwin Tait & Sons publish the work.

A good Life of Reynolds.

A compact yet comprehensive Life of that amiable man and, in his way, great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has long been a *desideratum*. Such a life is that written by Mr. Claude Phillips, and imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Phillips is a competent art-writer, and his summary of Sir Joshua's merits is, on the whole, just and discriminating. He notes *en passant* the grain of truth in shrewd Horace Walpole's paradox — contained in his parallel between Sir Joshua and Allan Ramsay—that "Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women: Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them." To say that "Reynolds seldom succeeds in women" is of course an over-statement. Says Mr. Phillips: "Where Reynolds approached nearest to greatness, and showed a measure of that much-abused word genius, was in the presentment of the great *men* who were his friends, and for observing whom, in every phase and every mood, he had all through his career opportunities unequalled by those afforded to any artist of his time." Mr. Phillips's observation is a very just one. Gracious and charming as Sir Joshua's women and children nearly always are, they still fall short (not excepting even the superb "Nelly O'Brien") of such masterpieces as the portraits of Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Sir Joseph Banks,— and, farthest of all, of the pathetic picture of Goldsmith, in which the artist has succeeded, without sacrificing truth, in conjuring away the traditional homeliness, whim, and absurdity, leaving for posterity the underlying kindliness, modesty, and worth. "I shall never think Dr. Goldsmith ugly again," said a lady after reading "The Deserted Village." Certainly no one could think him ugly after seeing Reynolds's portrait. Every face, the plainest, lights up at times, under the proper emotion, into a degree of beauty and dignity; and Reynolds seemed to have the gift of evoking this look in his sitters, and of fixing it upon his canvas. Mr. Phillips's book combines biography, criticism, and anecdote in due proportion, and the photographic plates after Reynolds are pleasing and well-chosen.

A new edition of "The Social Contract."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' neat and inexpensive edition of Rousseau's "Social Contract" is a useful and, in a special sense, a timely publication. Professor Huxley and others have pointed out the fact that Rosseauism, so far from being dead, is coming to the front again, and bids fair once more to exert a grave influence on practical life. It is easy at this day to criticise, from the "hard fact" standpoint, the *Contrat Social;* to point out its contradictions, its impracticabilities, the hopeless disagreement with ascertained facts of its theory of society. It is no less easy to show that, underlying its errors of lit-

eral detail, is a ground-work of moral truth, a body of logically-flawless abstract principles that to the end of time will continue, in one form or another, to justify revolt against social and political injustice. In proportion as the natural inequalities of men ripen into the iniquities of caste and tyranny, so will the gospel of Jean Jacques, or this or that rendering of it, grow in favor. Its errors of fact will finally be once more cast to the winds by those in need of a theoretical justification for the doing away of a greater by the perpetration of a lesser injustice. Professor Huxley hints that Rousseauism, with modern variations, has been coming into fashion at a rather alarming rate of late. If this be true, there is no surer sign of the growth of abuses which pave the way for it and render it acceptable. Certainly readers of the present volume will not fail to note that the views of our modern political *a-priorists* essentially coincide with those held long ago by the Savoyard Vicar and applied by Robespierre and Saint Just—with what results, immediate and net, the world knows. The present edition of "The Social Contract" is well translated by Miss Rose M. Harrington, and Professor E. L. Walter furnishes a really luminous critical and historical introduction.

Florentine life in the Renaissance.

Dr. Walter B. Scaife's "Florentine Life during the Renaissance" (Johns Hopkins Press) is the work of an American who has spent some time abroad and been attracted by the charm which Florence has always possessed for "those who live by thought." The volume derives its interest from the material which it contains rather than from any special excellence of style or method of treatment. The author's style is awkward and at times obscure, and the generalizations which he deals out, in order to make the book "helpful amidst the trials and complications of modern life," are usually of a commonplace and superficial sort. Authorities are not always used with proper discrimination; Roscoe is frequently referred to, and in one case Webster's Dictionary is quoted as a better authority than Burckhardt. Even a slight acquaintance with the correspondence of the fifteenth century would have prevented such a mistake as occurs on page 84, where the use of the common form "I recommend myself always to you," at the close of a letter from the wife of Lorenzo de' Medici to her husband, is said to show lack of conjugal affection, and the phrase characterized as "an expression which a person seeking office or favor might adopt."

Life and genius of William Blake.

William Blake was a man who in his character and in his poetry was so unlike an ordinary genius (if so anomalous an expression may be used) that it seems extremely hard to write a biography or criticism of him that shall be impartial and sympathetic too. Especially does sympathy with his work incline a writer to hold a brief for him. Mr. Alfred T. Story's sympathetic study of his mystical subject is no exception to the rule. The book—"William Blake: His Life, Character, and Genius" (Macmillan)—is a special plea, full of animated superlatives whose very passion deprives them of persuasiveness. The happenings of the poet's life are rather diffusely told, and the rest of the book is given to a running commentary on his poems. Mr. Story rightly praises the few beautiful things that Blake wrote, and interprets, probably as well as anyone could, the incoherent mass that remains. Waiving Blake's power as an artist, and thinking of him merely as a literary man, a reader who had previously deemed the mystic half-mad would rise from the perusal of the book deeming him three-fourths so. But that is only another way of saying that this book is not the final interpretation of the man.

An English view of Dr. Holmes.

An attractive number of the pretty "Dilettante Library" series (Macmillan) is Mr. Walter Jerrold's critical and biographical study of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Jerrold writes with warmth as well as discrimination, and his pages are very liberally peppered with quotation and anecdote. From the verbal portraits cited we select the following, which describes the Doctor as he appeared to a Scotchman who heard him lecture in the sixties: "Holmes is a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now; a trifle of furzy hair under his ears; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong underlip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. In conversation he is animated and cordial—sharp, too, taking the word out of one's mouth." The last touch rather bears out "the landlady's" view of her Autocratic boarder: "He was a well-behaved gentleman at table, only talked a good deal, and pretty loud sometimes, and had a way of turnin' up his nose when he did n't like what folks said, that one of my boarders, who is a very smart young man, said he could n't stand, nohow, and used to make faces and poke fun at him, whenever he see him do it." The volume contains a bibliography and a fair portrait.

Completion of Vol. I. of the "Dictionary of Political Economy."

With the publication of Part Six, the first volume of the "Dictionary of Political Economy" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, is completed. A title-page, introduction, and table of contents are furnished, and cases for binding will be supplied by the publishers at a low price. The remainder of the work will be issued in completed volumes only, and of these we assume there will be two, as the first volume covers the first five letters of the alphabet. Some expansion beyond the original plan is already manifest, since the early announcements contemplated but twelve or fourteen parts. As the several instalments of this work have appeared, its great usefulness has become more and more apparent. It does not conflict in any way with Cherbuliez or with Lalor, its scope being more restricted, and its articles at once more numerous and more

compact. It bears to those works about the same relation in plan as is borne by the new Chambers's to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is thoroughly up to date, and must be considered indispensable to the working library of the economist.

The art of writing paragraphs.

"Paragraph-Writing," by Professors Fred N. Scott and Joseph V. Denney (Allyn & Bacon), is one of the really practical books — there are not many of them — on English composition. It is a book that has already stood the test of classroom use, and the theory on which it is founded must be deemed established. The theory is novel and definite: the way to learn to write English is first to learn to write paragraphs. To teach this art is the object of the book. Part I. deals with the nature and laws of the paragraph; first, as an independent piece of discourse — the isolated paragraph,—and second, the paragraph as one of a series. Part II. briefly discusses the theory of the paragraph; and Part III. furnishes the teacher with an abundance of material for classroom work — selected paragraphs, hints on teaching, a list of about two thousand subjects, and useful references of many kinds. It is a book that successfully illustrates the three articles of the rhetorician's creed— theory, example, and practice.

Two new volumes from Mr. Huxley.

The publication of Mr. Huxley's collected essays (Appleton) is continued with two volumes devoted, respectively, to "Science and Hebrew Tradition" and "Science and Christian Tradition." These volumes contain all of the author's contributions to the controversy into which he has been drawn of late years by the over-zealous champions of an over-literal Christian theology. They exhibit the author's polemic at its best, and will doubtless have a certain permanence as examples of brilliant controversial writing. The popular and unscientific forms of theological belief towards which Mr. Huxley's attack is directed no longer, of course, claim the assent of really serious thinkers even among professional theologians, and it may be said that *Voltaire suffit* for all that sort of thing. But for the battle of truth with superstition each age must forge its own weapons, and Mr. Huxley has shown himself an accomplished artificer. Each of these volumes has a preface written for the collective edition, that of the latter volume being considerably the more lengthy of the two.

The pleasantly-stated faith of an optimist.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's account of "The Religion of a Literary Man" (Putnam) is a pleasantly-written essay, which shows the author to have thought seriously if not deeply upon the most important of human concerns. This *religio scriptoris* is a very undogmatic sort of faith, so vaguely expressed that the most liberal-minded will find little difficulty in accepting it, if, indeed, it do not appear to be made up of the merest truisms. Occasionally the author registers a most amazing judgment, as when he calls Schopenhauer "a small philosopher," with an "ineffably petty and uncomfortable disposition." Uncomfortable, possibly, or rather uncomforting, to the mild optimist of Mr. Le Gallienne's type, but not exactly petty. Such vagaries, however, are not of the essence of the author's doctrine, which is, for the most part, as sweetly reasonable as even Arnold could have wished.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. H. S. Salt's "Richard Jefferies" ("Dilettante Library," Macmillan) is a concise and soberly-written study, critical rather than biographical, which may be read to advantage in connection with Mr. Besant's delightful, if rather over-charged, "Eulogy." The author discusses, very briefly, Jefferies as "Man," as "Naturalist," "Thinker," "Writer," etc., presenting what seems to be the net result of current criticism, with a due measure of shrewd comment and observation of his own. There is a useful appendix, and a portrait of Jefferies, the expression of which confirms in a way what has been said regarding his being a far less agreeable companion as a man than as a writer.

M. Paul Gaulot's spirited Life of Count Fersen, Marie Antoinette's chivalrous Swedish ally and admirer, loses little if anything of its charm in Mrs. Cashel Hoey's capital translation, lately issued by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. under the title "A Friend of the Queen." Recent disclosures have enabled M. Gaulot to throw additional light upon the romantic episode upon which his narrative naturally hinges, as well as upon the characters of those most concerned in it. The story of the ill-starred flight to Varennes is admirably told, and the book altogether forms a not unimportant contribution to the annals of the period. There are portraits of Count Fersen and the Queen.

Professor Rawlinson's "Story of Parthia" (Putnam) is an adaptation and in many places a close paraphrase of his "Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy," which first appeared more than twenty years ago. The importance of the story lies in the clearness with which it brings out the character and position of the power which for three centuries "balanced Rome, acted as a counterpoise and a check, had to be consulted and considered, held a place in all men's thoughts, and finally furnished a not intolerable refuge to such as had provoked Rome's master beyond forgiveness." Such negative forces have an influence in history which we too often overlook.

Mrs. Frances Elliot's "Old Court Life in France," which was published some twenty years ago, enjoyed a considerable popularity with readers who were not exacting as to accuracy of statement, and who liked to take their history well-diluted and strongly flavored with romanticism. The author now puts forth two volumes of "Old Court Life in Spain" (Scribner), similarly told, and likely to attract the same sort of audience. It tells us of the Moors, of Bernardo del Carpio and the Cid, and of various kings and other potentates down to the times of Ferdinand and Isabella. The manner of the telling is both incoherent and stilted, and serious readers will not care for the work.

Modern language texts are multiplying at the usual rate. From the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan) we have Delavigne's "Louis XI.," edited by

Mr. H. W. Eve; Mérimée's "Colomba," edited by Mr. Arthur R. Ropes; and "Die Deutschen Heldensagen" (Hagen and Hilde: Gudrun), by Dr. Gotthold Klee, edited by Mr. H. J. Wostenholme. Messrs. Ginn & Co. send us a new collection of "Morceaux Choisis d'Alphonse Daudet," edited by Mr. Frank W. Freeborn, and authorized by M. Daudet himself, who has written one sketch especially for this volume. "Gustav Adolf's Page," by Herr C. F. Meyer, edited by Professor Otto Heller; and two "Novellen" by Herr W. H. Riehl, edited by Miss Abbie Fiske Eaton, are published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. Last of all, we must mention Miss Carla Wenckebach's abridgement of "Ekkehard," also published by the Messrs. Heath.

The "Practical Business Book-keeping of Double Entry" (Heath), prepared by Mr. Manson Seavy of the Boston English High School, appears to be an exceptionally complete and up-to-date presentation of the subject, useful not only as a text-book, but also as a book of reference and as a self-instructor. The book is attractively printed and substantially bound.

"Letters to Marco" (Macmillan), an attractive little volume of letters from George D. Leslie, R.A., to his friend H. Stacy Marks, R.A., should appeal to readers who love Nature for her own sake and can seek her precincts unallured by the proverbial Anglo-Saxon craving to "go and kill something." Mr. Leslie's letters teem with original and curious observations on plant and animal life in the southern counties of England, with occasional "asides" on art topics and on the life bucolic in general. The letters are crisply and pleasantly written, and there are many wood-cuts, mainly corrected reproductions of the original pen-and-ink scribbles.

Mr. St. George Mivart's "Introduction to the Elements of Science" (Little, Brown, & Co.) is a book intended for the general reader, and not at all like, for example, the "Elements of Science" of Professor Jevons, although having the same universal scope. Mathematics, mechanics, physics, biology, logic, and history are the main subjects taken up. Neither Mr. Mivart's psychology nor his philosophy of history is likely to find general acceptance, for the personal equation of the writer gives them too marked a coloring; but in the simpler matters of physical and biological science he is a competent, and usually a trustworthy, guide.

New York Topics.

New York, March 26, 1894.

The publication of Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" will be the most significant literary event of the coming week. Doubtless this third work of importance will be made the criterion of Mrs. Ward's success as a novelist. The general impression seems to have been that "David Grieve" did not quite fulfil the promise of "Robert Elsmere." To my mind, "Marcella" is an advance, in the art of novel-writing, upon both of the former books. The story is more connected, and the characters as a whole are drawn with greater clearness, although there is no one character which equals that of the Squire in "Robert Elsmere." The girl of the period, either with or without a purpose, seems just now to engross the attention of the English-speaking race, and Mrs. Ward has hit the spirit of the times very happily with her "Marcella." The latter young woman is decidedly purposeful, and sets out to reform her part of the world, an English country village, along the lines of the new Socialism. An engagement to the son of a lord is not allowed to interfere with this work, and it is the engagement and not the work that comes to an end when interests clash. I am not sure, however, that Mrs. Ward makes the new Socialism attractive, or does it full justice. She seems to have studied it "from above," as Marcella accuses her lover of doing in the case of a condemned poacher. The book is quite as long as the two which preceded it, but it is well proportioned, interesting, and full of material for reflection. Mrs. Ward has evidently taken the advice of her critics, for the action of the story is not interrupted by long descriptions of unimportant characters or by digressions into the fields of religion and philosophy.

Edgar Stanton Maclay, whose "History of the United States Navy" is just about to be published, is the son of the president of the Maclay Theological Seminary of Los Angeles, California. He graduated from Syracuse University in 1885, having devoted himself particularly to the study of history. Since his graduation he has been constantly engaged upon this history of the navy. He has spent much time in France, where the Minister of Marine opened the official archives to him, and also in England, where he was aided by the late Admiral Provo Wallis, a survivor of the Chesapeake-Shannon fight. In this country Mr. Maclay has been given access to many family papers and unpublished documents, and has been assisted by Admiral Jouett and other naval officers. Mr. Maclay will have an article descriptive of the cruise of the United States frigate "Potomac" for the chastisement of the Qualla Battoonns in 1832, in the May "Harper's."

In addition to the volumes of the "Ex Libris" series, edited by Gleeson White, already mentioned in this correspondence, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce "The Decorative Illustration of Books," by Walter Crane, "Modern Book Illustration," by Joseph Pennell, and "Decorative Heraldry," by G. W. Eve. The interest in book-lore seems to have culminated with the proposed new English bibliographical magazine.

Interest in Napoleon seems to increase with each successive work relating to his life and surroundings. The latest Napoleon volume is the "Memoirs of the Baron de Meneval," which Messrs. Appleton are about to publish. As private secretary to the emperor from 1802 to 1814, Baron de Meneval had, of course, special opportunities for observation, which he did not neglect, as these selections from his diaries and notes plainly show. They have been edited by his grandson.

The poems of the unfortunate Richard Realf are at last to be collected in a volume. Since his suicide at Oakland, California, in 1878, there have been several announcements of proposed volumes of his poems, but none of these has appeared. Meanwhile, Realf's literary executor and former comrade, Col. Richard J. Hinton, has gathered together copies of all the poems that could be found, and has awaited a favorable opportunity for publication. This has now come about through the instrumentality of Col. Alexander T. Hawes, of San Francisco, also a comrade of Realf, having commanded a regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. "The Poems of Richard Realf," with a brief biography by Colonel Hinton, will be issued in the Fall under the direction of Colonel Hawes, to whose address in the Mills Building, San Francisco, subscriptions may be sent. A large number has already been received. Colonel Hinton has collected nearly two hundred poems by Realf,

and the volume will also contain the latter's youthful verses originally published in London as "Guesses at Truth." There will be three portraits, one taken during the John Brown period in Kansas, another during the War, and the third at a later date.

In "Joanna Traill, Spinster," Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, one of the most popular of the younger English novelists, has drawn an interesting picture of rescue work in the London slums. Much is expected of this book, which will be published in London and New York simultaneously on the first of the month. Mr. W. T. Stead, who is particularly interested in this author and her work, has said of the book, which he saw in manuscript, that "It is a tale of London life, painted from life, full of the pathos and tragedy and also of the brightness and vitality of modern London."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Professor R. T. Ely's forthcoming work on "Socialism" will be published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Messrs. C. H. Sergel & Co. announce a "History of Bohemia," by Mr. Robert H. Vickers, author of "The Martyrdoms of Literature."

The Rev. Dulaney Addison, of Beverly, Massachusetts, is preparing a life of Lucy Larcom, and asks for the loan of any of her letters that are likely to prove helpful to him.

The Jewish Publication Society of America announce Volume Three of Professor Graetz's "History of the Jews" and the "Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress" of last summer.

Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia College, will personally conduct a class in architectural history through Italy during the coming summer. The cost of membership will be at least five hundred dollars.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce "With the Wild Flowers," by Miss E. M. Hardinge; "The Amateur Aquarist," by Mr. Mark Samuel; and "Christianity Practically Applied," being the proceedings of the 1893 meeting at Chicago of the Evangelical Alliance.

Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co. announce for immediate publication a new novel by Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, entitled "Joanna Traill, Spinster," and also a new story from Mark Twain's pen, depicting the adventures of "Tom Sawyer Abroad." The latter volume will be illustrated by Mr. Dan Beard.

The following Bülow story is from "The Saturday Review": "It will be remembered how, some two or three years ago, the German Emperor in a speech referred rather rudely to the 'Grumblers' (*Nörgler*) at the existing *régime*, and advised all such to shake off the dust of the Vaterland's soil. The speech created an unusual stir in all circles, and there was a large contingent of officials and others who took the hint, and became known forthwith as *Staubabschüttler*. Bülow, who had always something to say or to write, held his tongue this time; but, at the first Philharmonic Concert he conducted in Berlin, as he stepped on the platform he took out a very large handkerchief and in full view of the audience began to dust his shoes, just to show that he was not satisfied with the existing state of things! He took it also musically out of Count Hochberg when that amiable despot had him turned out of the Berlin Opera House. It was at a pianoforte recital at the Singacademie, where, by way of a prelude, Bülow just played the first few bars of Figaro's aria, 'Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino!'"

Perhaps the most extensive literary work ever undertaken in this country is the military history now being produced by the government of the United States, under the title of "War of the Rebellion, a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." It was begun just twenty years ago, and will be practically finished at the end of the next fiscal year. The work when completed will embrace 120 large royal octavo volumes of 1000 pages each, and a gigantic atlas, and the ultimate cost will be something like $2,500,000 for the 11,000 copies printed. Up to this date eighty-nine serial volumes have been published, and about $1,800,000 has been spent in all branches of the work, or about $20,000 per volume. The printing and binding alone cost $10,000 per volume, while the previous preparation of each volume for the printer's hands cost an equal sum of $10,000. Something like a thousand copies of this work are offered for sale at a trifle above actual cost. The price of the eighty-nine parts now published is $56.10 in cloth, and $145.10 in half morocco.

A remarkable literary find has been made by the American Press Company of Baltimore, in the shape of an original first edition of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, one of the rarest books in the world. For many years this unique volume was sought in vain by collectors of rare books, the only copy known to be in existence being an imperfect copy in the British Museum. Two years ago, a copy was offered at a book auction sale in Boston, and, after a lively bidding, was bought by a New York dealer for $1,850; it was then sold to a private buyer for $2,500, who sent the treasure to Paris, where it was exquisitely bound at a cost of $300. The copy just discovered by the American Press Company was picked up at a second-hand bookstore some sixty years ago, and has since remained in the possession of the purchaser. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is worth its weight in gold ten times over. The title-page reads as follows:

TAMERLANE,
and
Other Poems.
By a Bostonian.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.— *Cowper.*

Boston:
Calvin F. S. Thomas . . . Printer.
1827.

A new work by Mr. Ruskin is just being published, entitled "Verona, and Other Lectures," and illustrated with frontispiece and photogravure plates from drawings by the author. Of its five chapters, four were prepared to be delivered as lectures, during Mr. Ruskin's tenure of the Slade Professorship at Oxford. One has been written since his resignation. The lecture which gives its title to the volume, "Verona and Its Rivers," was delivered at the Royal Institution in 1870, and is now printed *in extenso* for the first time. The second, "The Story of Arachne," dealing with Greek mythology, was read at Woolwich in 1870, and has hitherto been represented only by a brief report in a daily newspaper. "The Tortoise of Aegina" was prepared for the Oxford course on Greek sculpture, known as "Aratra Pentelici," but it was not delivered, and has remained until now in manuscript. The last two chapters of the book are connected with the projected series of "Our Fathers

Have Told Us"; "Candida Casa, treating of the beginnings of Christianity in Britain," and "Mending the Sieve," a lecture on the Cistercians and their architecture, given at the London Institution in 1882.

The Department of Philosophy and Education of Columbia College announces the early appearance of the first of a series of contributions on philosophical, psychological, and educational subjects that are to appear under the editorship of the members of the Department. These contributions are not intended to interfere in any way with existing journals, to which the members of the Department will continue to lend their cordial support as heretofore, but the new series will contain: (1) the longer and more important dissertations submitted by advanced students in philosophy and education, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; (2), occasional longer and more technical studies by the professors and instructors themselves; (3) reprints from other journals of contributions made to them by members of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia. The contributions will appear at irregular intervals, and will be numbered consecutively for binding and preservation. The editors propose to conform in every respect to the directions regarding such publications recently formulated by the Trustees of the Columbia University Press. The new contributions will appear under the editorial direction of Professors Butler and Cattell and Drs. Hyslop and Farrand. The first of the contributions to appear will be entitled "Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi: A Study in the Origins of German Realism," by Mr. Norman Wilde, A.M. The second will be "Kant's Inaugural Dissertation of 1770," including a translation of the dissertation, together with an elaborate introduction and notes, by Professor W. J. Eckoff of the University of Colorado. Orders for these numbers, or requests for information concerning them, should be addressed to the Department of Philosophy at Columbia College.

THE EDITOR: A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following notes upon that interesting specimen, the common editor, are taken from "The Author" of London: "The common editor is chiefly remarkable for the mixture of ferocity and cunning which he displays. He lives in a remote cave, or cell, situated in almost inaccessible places, and extremely difficult to find. The approach to his lair is commonly invested with swarms of the Office-Boy Hornet (see Chapter LXII.), which do all in their power to prevent the intrusion of a stranger. Strychnine, done up in the form of chocolate drops, is probably the best means of destroying these. But even when they have been overcome, the zoölogist is not unlikely to find the lair deserted; for it is a habit of the editor to roam forth in search of food, which he does at frequent intervals. Those scientists who have made a determined effort to capture an editor, declare they have approached his den at all times, from eleven in the morning to late in the afternoon, and that they have been informed on each occasion that their prey has 'just stepped out to luncheon,' and is not expected to return for several hours. Another well-marked trait in the creature's character, and one upon which all writers are agreed, is his passion for unused postage stamps, which he obtains from innocent contributors in enormous quantities. Hence a learned Professor has conjectured that it is the habit of the editor to lie concealed in his den until such time as he has accumulated sufficient stamps to secure him a meal, and that he then sallies forth to spend these, after which he again rests in hiding until another supply of stamps has been obtained. When in his den, his favorite employment is tearing up manuscript, with the exception of a few especially worthless articles, which latter he uses for filling his paper. It is also a well-known fact that he puts all the poems he receives into a hat, and draws out one or two at random for use from time to time; the rest he destroys. A further point observed by many zoölogists is the editor's fondness for cliques; they do not explain very clearly what these are, or how they are formed, but their existence is denounced by almost every writer on editors. Some facts concerning them will be found in a later chapter. It is sufficient to say here that they are represented as herds of selfish and incompetent monsters, whose only aim is to prevent any recognition being given to true genius."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1894 (First List).

"Americanism." Theodore Roosevelt. *Forum.*
American Politics and Political History, Studies in. *Dial.*
Arnold, Matthew. Florence Earle Coates. *Century.*
Art in the Theatre. Illus. Richard Marston. *Mag. of Art.*
Art, Origin of. M. Lazar Popoff. *Popular Science.*
Battle Ship in Action, A. Illus. S. A. Staunton. *Harper.*
Beaver Eater, The. Illus. H. T. Martin. *Pop. Science.*
Bowery and Bohemia, The. Illus. H. C. Bunner. *Scribner.*
Capital, Combination of. E. B. Andrews. *Journal of Ethics.*
Comet-Finder, A. Illus. Frank W. Mack. *Century.*
Consular Service Reform. Wm. F. Wharton. *No. American.*
Democritus Redivivus. C. A. L. Richards. *Dial.*
Co-operative Housekeeping. H. C. Walsh. *Lippincott.*
Emperor William's Stud-Farm. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper.*
English at Cornell University. Hiram Corson. *Dial.*
English Senate, The. George W. Smalley. *Harper.*
English Speech in America. Edward Eggleston. *Century.*
Farmer in the South, The. Illus. Octave Thanet. *Scribner.*
Flying, The Problem of. J. Le Conte. *Popular Science.*
Forgery, Professional. R. A. Pinkerton. *No. American.*
Foulis Academy and James Tassie. Illus. *Mag. of Art.*
French Caricature of To-Day. Illus. *Scribner.*
Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America. *Dial.*
Gods of India. Illus. F. Marion Crawford. *Century.*
Hawaiin Traditions. Abraham Fornander. *Lippincott.*
Homing Pigeons, Method of. Illus. *Popular Science.*
Ice Age, The. A. R. Wallace. *Popular Science.*
Immigration, Restriction of. J. H. Senner. *No. American.*
Inter-State Commerce Law, The. A. F. Walker. *Forum.*
Italian Crisis, Causes of the. W. R. Thayer. *Atlantic.*
"Italy and the Papacy." Mgr. Satolli. *Journal of Ethics.*
Latin Poetry, Early. R. Y. Tyrrell. *Atlantic.*
Lee in the Seven Days' Campaign. E. G. Scott. *Atlantic.*
Life under Water. Illus. Gustav Kobbé. *Scribner.*
Lincoln's Literary Experiments. John G. Nicolay. *Century.*
Literature, The Approach to. *Dial.*
Memoirs of Two Englishwomen. *Dial.*
Millet's Life at Barbizon. Illus. Pierre Millet. *Century.*
Municipal Reform. Herbert Welsh. *Forum.*
Nature in Old English Poetry. Richard Burton. *Atlantic.*
Navigation Laws, Our. C. H. Cramp. *No. American.*
Occult Compensation. H. C. Lea. *Journal of Ethics.*
Painting. William A. Coffin. *Scribner.*
Parliament, New Parties in. Justin McCarthy. *No. Amer.*
Pottery and Porcelain, American. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial.*
Punishment. F. H. Bradley. *Journal of Ethics.*
Referendum in Switzerland and America. *Atlantic.*
Republican Outlook, The. Thomas H. Carter. *No. Amer.*
Rosebery and the Liberal Crisis in England. *Forum.*
Sewage Disposal, Methods of. G. E. Waring, Jr. *Century.*
St. Paul's, The Decoration of. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*

Storage Battery Cars. George J. Varney. *Lippincott.*
Surgery in America. George F. Shrady. *Forum.*
Swan, John Macallan. Illus. *Magazine of Art.*
Tariff and Monetary Reform. *North American.*
Telegraph in France, The. Illus. *Popular Science.*
Trusts. George A. Rich. *Popular Science.*
Tyndall. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science.*
Universities, American. G. Stanley Hall. *Forum.*
Yale University. Arthur T. Hadley. *Harper.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, embracing 76 titles, includes all books received by* The Dial *since last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B., sometime Her Majesty's Minister to China and Japan. By Stanley Lane-Poole, author of "Life of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe." In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $8.

The Story of Two Noble Lives: Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life." In 3 vols., with portraits, 12mo, gilt tops. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $8.

Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton, D.D., Rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Va.; Brigadier-General, C.S.A.; Chief of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. By his daughter, Susan P. Lee. With frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 490. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.

John Larkin Lincoln, 1817-1891: A Memorial Volume. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 641. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. $3.

Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Edited by the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier; trans. by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II., 1812-1814, 8vo, pp. 474. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HISTORY.

A History of the United States Navy from 1775 to 1893. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M., with technical revision by Lieut. Roy C. Smith, U.S.N. Vol. I., illus., gilt top, pp. 577. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

A History of Chile. By Anson Uriel Hancock, author of "Old Abraham Jackson." Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 471. Charles H. Sergel & Co. $2.50.

Bill Nye's History of the United States. Illus. by F. Opper. 8vo, pp. 329. J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Romantic Professions, and Other Papers. By W. P. James. 12mo, pp. 225, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $2.

Plays: Being, An Unhistorical Pastoral, A Romantic Farce, Bruce, Smith, and Scaramouch in Naxos. By John Davidson. With frontispiece, 12mo, uncut, pp. 294. Stone & Kimball. $2.

West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances. Collected and trans. by William Larminie. 12mo, uncut, pp. 258. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.

Selected Letters of Mendelssohn. Edited by W. F. Alexander, M.A. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 133. Macmillan & Co. 90 cts.

The Revival of Irish Literature: Addresses by Sir Charles G. Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde. 16mo, uncut, pp. 161. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 40 cts.

Tennyson's Idylls of the King and Arthurian Story from the XVIth Century. By M. W. Maccallum, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 435. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

The Temple Shakespeare. The Tempest, with preface, glossary, etc., by Israel Gollancz, M.A. With portrait, 32mo, pp. 118, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. 45 cts.

The "Ariel" Shakespeare: Fourth Group of Seven Comedies; comprising Two Gentlemen of Verona, Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour Lost, Taming of the Shrew, and All's Well That Ends Well. Each, illus., 18mo. Per vol., 75 cts.

Columbus the Discoverer. By Walter Warren. 8vo, pp. 164. Arena Pub'g Co. $1.50.

Thoughts and Pastels. By Charles P. Nettleton. 16mo, pp. 87. San Francisco: Griffith Publishing Co.

ART.

The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance; with an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. With frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 141. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

POETRY.

Sonnets, and Other Verses. By George Santayana. 16mo, uncut, pp. 90. Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

FICTION.

Katharine Lauderdale. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols., illus., 16mo. Macmillan & Co. $2.

Benefits Forgot. By Wolcott Balestier, author of "A Common Story." 12mo, pp. 460. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Our English Cousins. By Richard Harding Davis, author of "Gallagher." Illus., 12mo, pp. 228. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

For Honor and Life. By William Westall, author of "Her Two Millions." 12mo, pp. 260. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Life's Little Ironies: A Set of Tales; with some Colloquial Sketches entitled, A Few Crusted Characters. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." 12mo, pp. 268. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

A Ward in Chancery. By Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't." 16mo, pp. 304. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

The Story of Margrédel: Being a Fireside History of a Fifeshire Family. Copyright American edition, 18mo, uncut, red top, pp. 269. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Tales of a Nomad; or, Sport and Strife. By Charles Montague. 12mo, uncut, pp. 208. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50.

The Bedouin Girl. By Mrs. S. J. Higginson, author of "A Princess of Java." Illus., 16mo, pp. 347. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. $1.25.

Cheap Jack Zita. By S. Baring-Gould, author of "John Herring." Illus., 12mo, pp. 402. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. $1.25.

Redgauntlet: A Tale of the Eighteenth Century. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 459. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Donald Ross of Heimra. By William Black. New and revised edition, 16mo, pp. 368. Harper & Bros. 80 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Appletons' Town and Country Library: Lot 13, by Dorothea Gerard.—Our Manifold Nature, by Sarah Grand. Each, 16mo, 50 cts.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Price of a Pearl, by Eleanor Holmes; 12mo, pp. 389. 50 cts.

Longman's Paper Library: A Family Tree, and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews; 16mo, pp. 236. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: A Princess of the Stage, from the German of Nataly von Eschstruth; illus., 16mo, pp. 300, 50 cts.

Arena Library Series: Ai, a Social Vision, by Charles S. Daniel; 12mo, uncut, pp. 296.—Margaret Salisbury, by Mary Holland Lee; 12mo, pp. 349. Each, 50 cts.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s Rialto Series: A Dead Man's Step, by "Lawrence L. Lynch"; 16mo, pp. 583. 75 cts.

Neely's Library of Choice Literature: The Anarchist, by Richard Henry Savage; 16mo, pp. 399. 50 cts.

Kerr's Library of Progress: From Earth's Center, by S. Byron Welcome; 16mo, pp. 274. 25 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown, author of "Venice." Second edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 297. Macmillan & Co. $1.75.

The Lower Slopes: Reminiscences of Excursions Round the Base of Helicon. By Grant Allen. 12mo, uncut, pp. 79. Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

The Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches. By William Root Bliss, author of "Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay." 12mo, gilt top, pp. 219. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. $1.50.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

Science and Christian Tradition: Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. 16mo, uncut, pp. 419. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes. By the Rev. T. W. Webb, M.A. Fifth edition, Vol. I., with portrait, 12mo, pp. 233. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

The Psychology of Attention. By Th. Ribot. Authorized translation, 12mo, pp. 115. Open Court Pub'g Co. 25 cts.

Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye, B.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 246. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

According to Season: Talks about the Flowers in the Order of Their Appearance in the Woods and Fields. By Mrs. William Starr Dana, author of "How to Know the Wild Flowers." 16mo, pp. 159. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

SOCIOLOGY.

The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews. 12mo, pp. 335. Harper & Bros. $1.75.

FINANCE.

Common Sense Currency: A Practical Treatise on Money in Its Relations to National Wealth and Prosperity. By John Phin, 16mo, pp. 244. New York: The Industrial Publication Co.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Sacerdotalism: Being Four Letters Originally Addressed to the Late Rev. Wm. J. Butler, D.D. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 318. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

The Meaning and the Method of Life: A Search for Religion in Biology. By George M. Gould, A.M. 12mo, pp. 297. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

Religion in History and in Modern Life, together with an Essay on the Church and the Working Classes. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 271. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.50.

Angelus Domini, with Legendary Days and Poems in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, compiled and edited by "A Daughter of the Church," author of "St. Luke." 12mo, gilt top, pp. 183. Baker & Taylor Co. Boxed, $1.50.

The Life Here and the Life Hereafter: An Easter Sermon. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. 16mo, pp. 32. E. P. Dutton & Co. 25 cts.

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